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The Week

DEVELOPMENTS in Austria overshadowed all other European news last week. With the enforced dismissal of Prince Ernst von Starhemberg as Vice-Chancellor, leaving the Clerical-Monarchist Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg in complete control, conflict deepened between the two groups for which these men are spokesmen. The League, closer to impotence than ever before in its history, postponed until June 16 the decision as to whether or not sanctions against Italy should be ended. Because the League continued to recognize the Ethiopian delegation, Italy's representatives withdrew from Geneva. News from Ethiopia indicated the Italians are treating their newly subjugated enemies with great severity. Guatemala, for whom Italy is a tremendously important customer, served notice of her resignation from the Geneva body. Leon Blum, outlining the policies of the new People's Front government which he will head, hinted at settlement of the American war debt, and unofficial suggestions to the same effect came from Great Britain—in both cases apparently based on the delusive idea that such action might bring the United States into active coöperation with international peace efforts. Premier Baldwin expressed the same hope in London, urging that the League Covenant be rewritten to ensure American, German and Japanese participation. Hitler, who has not answered the questions recently propounded by Great Britain, has intimated he may ask some questions of his own. Soviet Russia proposed a bilateral naval agreement with Great Britain, not to apply to Far Eastern waters unless Japan signed the same document. A Franco-American reciprocal trade treaty was announced. As the Olympic games in Germany drew nearer, news came of a rival workers' Olympics in Barcelona, in which the new French government may decide to take part, boycotting the Nazi-ridden contest. The British government investigated charges that J. H. Thomas had given out advance information of the forthcoming increase in the tax rate. A coup by a curious mixture of military and Left elements has overturned the government of Bolivia.

AMERICAN conservatives had several items of news that should have pleased them this week. The Supreme Court, by the customary six-to-three margin, overthrew the Guffey law regulating the coal industry. The District of Columbia Court of Appeals declared unconstitutional the $4,880,000,000 relief appropriation of 1935. The House decisively defeated the Frazier-Lemke plan for refinancing farm mortgages, which was supposed to be inflationary. The Senate, rewriting the tax bill, reduced to a negligible amount the levy on undivided corporate surplus. Among other items in the week's news, we find Senator Borah, after an overwhelming defeat in the Ohio primary, threatening to bolt the Republican Party if the candidate and platform to be selected in Cleveland are not thoroughly "liberal." The New York State Legislature adjourned after having defeated most of the good measures brought before it and passed several bad ones, including a vote for a Hearst-inspired Red hunt through the state's school system. As the House of Representatives passed a new relief appropriation of $1,400,000,000, the President de-

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cided that Harry Hopkins should supervise all these expenditures, including his own W.P.A., Mr. Ickes' P.W.A. and Mr. Tugwell's R.A. The American Medical Association Convention heard reports of 7,400 successful twilight-sleep births and listened to denunciations of this technique by several doctors. Two of the defendants in the Tampa kidnaping and murder case were acquitted in a manner that raised the hopes of the remaining five. New York police returned to the use of barbarous brutality against striking seamen, as the United States Senate indicated its intention of making a study of the whole question of safety at sea, including the conditions under which American sailors work. The inquiry into prostitution in New York once more revealed the use of big-business methods, the collection of vast sums for police bribery and merciless exploitation of prostitutes.

THE governmental crisis in Austria presents a curious puzzle. Schuschnigg, Clerical and leader of the Catholic troops, ousted Starhemberg, Fascist leader of the Heimwehr, from his government. Neither commands the support of more than a small fraction of the Austrian population; political events in that state do not arise from the desires of its inhabitants but from foreign pressure. The whole government would fall overnight if it were not for the threat of Italian troops on the border and for financial support by France and England. Both Schuschnigg and Starhemberg profess to be ardent followers of Mussolini and opponents of the German Nazis. Was it Mussolini's hand or England's or a combination of the two, that forced this realignment? And why did it occur? One proffered explanation is that Schuschnigg, under Mussolini's direction, favored general conscription and dissolution of the Fascist Heimwehr, to which Starhemberg objected. Mussolini pretends, at least, to want strong opposition to a threatened German coup. Another is that England feared Starhemberg's monarchist tendencies, which might have detonated a dynamite cap by a Hapsburg restoration, contrary to the warnings of the Little Entente. Meanwhile, the fact remains that the only sure protection against Nazi encroachment would be a democratic regime governed by a Socialist-Catholic coalition. By preventing this development, the League powers must play either Mussolini's or Hitler's game, and perhaps both.

AT THE recent convention of the American Medical Association there was a curious debate on the question of relieving the pain of childbirth. St. Louis physicians reported 4,000 successful cases in which a mixture of morphine and scopolamine was employed. From Evanston, Illinois, came stories of 1,800 successful cases employing pentobarbital-sodium and scopolamine. Washington, D. C., told of 1,600 successful cases in which paraldehyde and benzyl alcohol were used. At the same time, all efforts to reduce the pains of childbirth were bitterly attacked by other speakers, who argued that the pangs of parturition are "normal and natural," that a mother who has not experienced them is subject to subsequent personality disorders and, in general, that pain is "God's way." There seems no doubt that some of the early forms of "twilight sleep" are actually dangerous, particularly to the infant. But it is legitimate to remark that some of the doctors who practise and endorse various new methods seem to rank just as high in their profession as their opponents. It is also legitimate to recall that the medical profession has a bad history of needless and illogical conservatism. The doctors' fight against birth control, against the introduction of socialized medicine, etc., has given disturbing proof how many doctors put their pocketbooks above the health of the community.

DURING Mayor LaGuardia's administration the police force of New York City has had a better record in labor disputes than formerly. The seamen's strike, however, has brought a reversion to tactics of savage brutality. The most recent attack was on a mass picket line of a thousand seamen and their supporters, including about a hundred women, before the pier from which the Panama Pacific S.S. "Virginia" was sailing. Mounted and motorcycle police broke up the line by riding into it, and pursued and clubbed the pickets as they scattered, injuring more than forty of them, as well as several bystanders. Inasmuch as picketing is legal, the only possible conclusion which can be drawn is that the police are assisting the companies in their efforts to break the strike, and other previous attacks confirm this view. It is to be hoped that the complaints being filed with the Mayor by the several organizations which participated in the picketing will make him wake up to what is happening.

THOUGH the striking seamen on the New York waterfront, now some 4,000 strong, are getting no support either from the government or their own union officials, they at least have the satisfaction of knowing that these dignitaries have recognized the essential validity of their grievances. A special investigation into labor conditions in the American merchant marine has been announced by Senator Copeland. This is a direct result of the serious charges made by the "outlaw" strikers, who testified in great detail before Secretary Roper not only that American ships have been operating with inefficient and inadequate crews but that the ships have been negligent in their precautions to safeguard the lives of passengers. Unfortunately, Senator Copeland's investigating committee seems to be loaded down with shipowners and reactionary union officials who showed no interest in safety at sea until the striking sailors made an issue of it. Furthermore, the vital need—and Senator Copeland should know this already—is for an adequate appropriation for the Bureau of Navigation and

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Steamboat Inspection. For so long as this Bureau is miserably understaffed, as it is today, investigations and safety regulations are largely meaningless. The shipping companies can ignore both, if there is no serious threat of real enforcement.

WHILE it is true, as an article in this issue of The New Republic points out, that the charges of political appointments under President Roosevelt are exaggerated, it is also true, as the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel has made clear, that the civil service has made little progress under the present administration. Though the absolute number of civil-service employees has not declined, the percentage of the total on competitive civil service has. Much more serious, however, is the situation in state and local governments. In these subdivisions the merit system has never made so much progress as in the federal government, and it has lately been suffering a retreat. Connecticut, for instance, has abolished a civil service that it formerly had. In local government the excuses for the spoils system have much less force, and critics who do not want merely to smear the President for political purposes might well examine it.

Back to Chaos in Coal

The Supreme Court, by a vote of 6 to 3, declared unconstitutional the Guffey law, passed to take the place of the N.R.A. coal code after the N.R.A. was invalidated. The grounds of the decision were in the main similar to those on the N.R.A. The federal government, it was held, invaded states' rights in dealing with miners' wages and hours, since labor conditions are "local" and mining is not interstate commerce. The law was contrary to "due process" because it provided for majority rule in fixing wages and hours, to the possible detriment of some competitors. And since the price-fixing provisions were presumed to have been adopted in support of the labor provisions, they were also thrown out of the window. By way of commenting on this decision, we present below a summary of the sort of decision that would have been rendered by a differently constituted Court under an amended Constitution, if Court and Constitution were adjusted to the needs of modern American life.

THERE is no question that Congress, as the supreme legislature of the nation, has the constitutional right to enact such laws regarding the conduct of industry as are calculated to serve the general welfare, and particularly the welfare of laborers, as the chief consumers and producers of the nation's goods. Two countervailing rights may be asserted as obstacles to the exercise of this right by Congress in any particular case: namely, the right of states to control affairs that are within their several territories and do not seriously affect the national welfare, and the right of individuals to protection against tyrannous or arbitrary governmental interference. Decisions regarding the advisability of legislation frequently must be based upon a choice among rights that are in conflict with one another. By what criterion shall such a choice be made, in the case of the Bituminous Coal Conservation Act of 1935 (the Guffey law)?

In deciding whether national control may supersede state control, the obvious questions at issue are (a) whether the evils to be remedied are serious and seriously affect the national welfare, and (b) whether action by the several states is capable of remedying them. The very fact that a democratically elected legislature, representing all sections of the country and exposed to the many pressures of public opinion, enacts a regulatory law is of itself almost conclusive evidence that there is a serious national evil, and that those who suffer under it have not been able to obtain relief through local or state action and by less unwieldy governmental bodies. It should not be necessary for the advocates of a law to prove all over again to a court what they have already proved to Congress concerning the existence of a national difficulty and the proper means of dealing with it. Examination by the Court of evidence on this point need only go so far as to make sure that Congress may not be presumed to have acted in a moment of caprice or inattention. That is particularly true in a case like this, in which no state has appeared before the Court to object to the action of Congress, and in which the argument of interference with states' rights is made only by aggrieved private individuals. The latter might with more sincerity and with better standing before the Court confine their argument to their rights as individuals.

The evidence on this point in the case of the bituminous coal industry is so overwhelming as to convince even a simpleton. For years the coal industry has passed through a series of crises of its own, apart from crises in the national economy. Numerous national commissions have been appointed to examine it and report upon it. It has been beset by bankruptcies and unemployment. Shortages and gluts of coal, and national coal strikes have directly or indirectly injured citizens the nation over. No competent expert could be found who would assert that the industry has had a happy history, or that its ills have not infected the economic health of the whole nation. The present existence of approximately 200,000 unemployed coal miners who may never again find employment in their occupation is a fact hardly to be glossed over.

The industry is carried on in numerous states, and its product is marketed throughout the country and abroad. Mines in one state are competitive with mines in others; many mines are owned by corporations or persons residing outside the states in which they are situated; these persons or corporations in some cases own mines in several states; prices, wages, working conditions and profits in the industry are

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directly subject to interstate influences. No single state could conceivably remedy the evils of the coal industry within its borders unless the other states concerned simultaneously took appropriate action; even if all the coal-producing states succeeded in this difficult collaboration, the interests of consumers in non-coal-producing states might readily be overlooked. The argument for federal action is overwhelming. In these circumstances the right of Congress to legislate in the general welfare takes clear precedence over the rights of the states. States have in reality no rights that they cannot effectively exercise. States' rights do not include the right to forbid federal action in realms where states cannot themselves remedy a national evil.

Next we have to deal with the question whether the provisions of this bill subject any individual to arbitrary deprivation of his rights. The constitutional safeguard in this respect is the provision of the Fifth Amendment that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. This amendment, by its very wording, concerns chiefly the action of courts, officers of the law and executives; unfair trials, arrests without warrant, tyrannous action of many sorts come within its scope. But passage of a duly safeguarded regulatory act by Congress constitutes of itself due process of law and cannot constitutionally be upset on that ground. The phrase "due process" does not give the Court license to substitute for the interpretation of Congress its own idea of how persons engaged in labor or trade may be controlled. The Constitution does not safeguard any property right that may happen to exist against any possible legislative interference; it simply forbids interference without adequate authorization. The fact that this bill permits various legally constituted bodies, after investigation and discussion, to fix wages or prices, possibly contrary to the will of a minority, does not deprive that minority of any constitutionally guaranteed right.

Finally we come to the duty imposed upon the Court by the Twenty-third Amendment, now fulfilled for the first time. That amendment was adopted in recognition of the fact that decisions of the Court profoundly affect economic, social and political policy. Before its adoption, a legal fiction existed that the Supreme Court had no business to consider what was good policy and did not do so; it simply interpreted the Constitution. This fiction masked the obvious fact that the various Justices' ideas of policy did color their legal opinions, and the further fact that, whatever their intentions, the results of their decisions did have a profound effect upon national policy. Supreme Court decisions were also often interpreted by the public as the considered judgments of wise men concerning what the nation ought or ought not to do—although the Court itself expressly disclaimed the exercise of such a function.

The Twenty-third Amendment ended this confusion by giving the Court a direct mandate to advise Congress on the wisdom of legislation. It set forth that the leading purpose of the nation was to create an economy of abundance that would provide a good life for all, materially and culturally, and directed that legislation on economic and social matters should be pertinent to this end. In order that members of the Court should be competent to render judgments in this realm, it required that in order to be eligible for appointment they should be learned not merely in the law, but also in political economy and political science. An adequate research staff has also been provided.

Does the law in question square with the major purpose expressed in the Twenty-third Amendment? Admitting the right of Congress to pass the law, is it the sort of action required in the circumstances? The act sets up twenty-three district boards of coal operators to determine minimum prices for their several districts. If approved by the National Coal Commission, these prices become mandatory. Maximum prices may also be set by the Commission. "Unfair methods of competition" are listed and forbidden. Collective bargaining by representatives of the miners' choosing is required and various other assurances of good employment conditions are provided. A board is set up to adjust disputes. Hours and wages agreed upon by producers of two-thirds of the tonnage and representatives of a majority of the workers are binding upon all operators, either by district or nationally. Consumers are represented by a consumers' counsel. Compliance is enforced by means of a tax of 15 percent of the sales value of the coal, 90 percent of which is remitted to operators complying with the terms of the code.

The collective-bargaining and other labor provisions are elementary to any good industrial legislation; they tend to secure the rights of labor to industrial citizenship, and to maintain the best wages and hours obtainable under the circumstances. The price-fixing provisions, however, constituting as they do a cartel controlled by those who have a profit interest in production, tend to limit what labor may gain on the one hand, and what the consumers may gain on the other. While prices are kept so high as to yield a profit to high-cost producers, there is positive encouragement to excess development which in the end may well break down not only the price provisions but the collective-bargaining provisions also. Spreading of the available demand about the industry gives no assurance of full employment. It tends to keep miners in locations where, however high their wage rates, they never can make a decent living because of lack of sufficient work. There is no assurance of conservation of coal in the ground, now lost by wasteful practices.

What the nation needs is adequate supply for its coal demands (but not the building up of huge surplus stocks, or the existence of surplus mines and miners) at the lowest prices compatible with a good standard of life for the workers in the industry. This requires concentration of production in the

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more efficient workings, and complete closing of the less efficient, at least until the more efficient are exhausted. Orderly transition to such a scheme should be provided for, and provision should be made for those workers who cannot in any case be fully employed. But a solution of this kind cannot be found under competitive private ownership, especially when groups of owners fix prices. Nationalization of the industry is therefore earnestly recommended to Congress.

Keeping Tabs on Hearst

AN ARTICLE appearing in last week's issue summarized a few of the facts about the bizarre history of William Randolph Hearst. His empire is so vast, and his activities so numerous, that a whole magazine, once a week or once a month, might be devoted merely to recording those of his current acts that have public importance. Here, in briefest summary, are a few of the recent ones:

Mr. Hearst took an awful lacing in the California Republican primary, despite the fact that his native state is supposed to be completely under his thumb.

The Hearst papers announced, as an exclusive piece of information, that King Edward VIII is to marry Princess Alexandrine-Louise of Denmark. Other journals ignored the story; those official British or Danish spokesmen who bothered with it, denied it.

At the farewell concert of Arturo Toscanini, director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Frank Muto, of Hearst's International News Photos, who had entered the hall by buying a ticket as a member of the audience, exploded a flashlight bulb almost in Mr. Toscanini's face. He thereby violated a double agreement between the management and the photographers: not to use flashlights and not to photograph Mr. Toscanini alone. The conductor hurried from the stage and refused to return. Muto was denounced both by the audience and by the New York daily newspapers, nearly all of which, however, lacked the courage to come out and say that he was working for Hearst.

Employees of Hearst on The Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are still on strike and the American Newspaper Guild is marshaling support for them on a nationwide scale. Two committees have been formed, one of well known journalists and the other of writers in other fields. The Guild is asking its members and their friends not to buy Hearst periodicals or patronize Hearst advertisers until the strike is settled.

Mr. Hearst's New York Daily Mirror, which has not been doing so well, has lately had a series of editors. Mr. Arthur Brisbane had it for a while and campaigned daily for Love ("Why Don't You Get Married?"). He was succeeded by a young man whose name escapes us; *his* Big Theme was a safety-first campaign—the dreariest old chestnut of the promotion experts. He lasted only a few weeks and was succeeded by Mr. Jack Lait. One of Mr. Lait's earliest accomplishments was to publish the "own story" of John Fiorenza, who has confessed to murdering Mrs. Lewis H. Titterton and who is now being tried for her murder.

Fiorenza's story, "as told to David B. Charnay," was a pretty sickening affair. It made him out to be a romantic figure, nourishing a secret love for Mrs. Titterton, who had led him on in order to get copy for her short stories. Thereupon The New York Post published a front-page article attacking the story as a fake. The Post said the District Attorney denied that any Hearst representative had visited Fiorenza, who had had only three visitors in all—his lawyers and his mother. All of them said they had told no Hearst reporter anything. The prison psychiatrist obtained a similar denial from Fiorenza himself. To these charges Mr. Lait and Mr. Hearst have responded only by doggedly insisting that Charnay did interview Fiorenza, without giving any details in support of their contention.

At the same moment that he was negotiating to buy a number of additional radio stations to add to his already extensive chain, Mr. Hearst suddenly abolished the radio-gossip columns in all his newspapers. The only reason anyone could give for this act was that the Columbia Broadcasting System had given fifteen minutes one night to Earl Browder to state the position of the Communists. This restriction was partially lifted last week, as suddenly and inexplicably as it was enforced.

At about the same time, Mr. Hearst suddenly threw out of his entire newspaper chain a motion-picture column that had been a most popular feature. Reported reason: that the author of this column had spoken ill of one of Mr. Hearst's other employees in Hollywood.

Mr. Hearst suddenly decided to prohibit all references to "Klondike Annie," the newest vehicle of Miss Mae West. Ostensible reason: obscenity. Reason believed by many persons in the motion-picture colony: Miss West had spoken slightingly of Miss Marion Davies. Reason given in Variety: Mr. Hearst was mad at Mr. Joe Breen (Will Hays's right-hand man) for failing to approve some Hearst-Cosmopolitan pictures, and wished to scandalize his name for passing "Klondike Annie."

Perhaps the weirdest of all Mr. Hearst's eccentricities has been his order, issued some weeks ago and faithfully carried out, that the name of Stanford University shall not be mentioned in any of his papers. The reason is apparently that Mr. Hearst believes Professor George S. Counts, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been added to the Stanford faculty. Mr. Hearst regards Dr. Counts as a dangerous radical. The fact is, of course, that Dr. Counts has not accepted a position at Stanford. He is to deliver two lectures there in July, on "Social Foundations of Education" and "The Educational Implications of the Reports of the Social Studies Commission [of the American Historical Association]." Mr. Hearst apparently does not know the difference between a couple of lectures and a full-time position.

The ban on the mention of Stanford has been particularly hard on Mr. Hearst's nearby newspapers, two in San Francisco and one in Oakland. Athletic, society and other news from Stanford is an extremely important item in the daily contents of these papers, which are forced to go to great lengths in trying to get around the ban. Sports writers refer to "Indians," "Cardinals," "Cards" and "men from the

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Farm." News stories refer to "a university at Palo Alto." Stanford is not at Palo Alto, but has its own post office and is a mile and a half away. In the society columns, Stanford men and women are identified when possible by the fraternities to which they belong. The Stanford Memorial Church, scene of many fashionable weddings, is described as "a church in Palo Alto," which it of course is not.

All California is laughing at this latest development in Mr. Hearst's drive, and his employees are avoiding their friends and hoping it may soon be over.

The Collapse of Relief

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's relief program seems to be rapidly collapsing, in large part because of his own deliberate policy. He is not, of course, responsible for the decision of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, which held the 1935 relief appropriations unconstitutional, and specifically stopped the Bound Brook, New Jersey, project of the Resettlement Administration. What the President has done has been to carry out his economy promises in such a way that the relief program is today half-wrecked. He consented only to a bill proposing $1,425,000,000 for the coming year for federal relief; it is understood that Harry Hopkins had told the President the W.P.A. alone would require $2,000,000,000. Out of a sum smaller than that by more than 25 percent must come all money for the W.P.A. and the Resettlement Administration and all direct appropriations for the P.W.A., although Mr. Ickes hopes to persuade Congress to increase the P.W.A. revolving fund and relax the restrictions on its use.

A few comparisons with last year will show what is happening. The 1935 total appropriation was nearly five billions; this year's is less than a billion and a half. Last year, the P.W.A. got $447,000,000; this year, nothing except crumbs from Mr. Hopkins' table. Last year, Resettlement got $230,000,000; this year, nothing. Last year, direct relief got $938,000,000; this year, nothing, on the false theory that the states and cities can now take care of this question. Other appropriations last year not listed in 1936 are Rural Electrification, $10,000,000; road building, $500,000,000; Puerto Rican projects, $33,000,000; the Reclamation Service, $76,000,000.

A recent investigation has shown that among the so-called unemployables turned back to the states there are at least one million men able and willing to work. Under an order issued by Mr. Hopkins but to which, we may be sure, he was personally in bitter opposition, the states and cities will be required to contribute "liberally" to the cost of W.P.A. projects—which means a tremendous reduction in the number of such projects. Last year we were told that the W.P.A. was a stop-gap, for one year only, after which the P.W.A. would take over, putting the unemployed to work on sound and permanent projects; but now, so far as anyone can see, the P.W.A. is to be liquidated. Announcement has been made that one million men are to be dismissed in the near future from W.P.A.; if that program is carried out, there will be at least two million Americans for whom the President's promise of a job for one able-bodied person in every family will not have been met.

In so far as the W.P.A. takes over P.W.A. projects, it will furnish labor only, taken from relief rolls, not necessarily skilled in construction, substituting these men for P.W.A. workers who were drawn from the open labor market and paid standard hourly wage rates. Meanwhile, the Resettlement Administration, one of the most useful and important activities of the New Deal, seems in some danger of being destroyed in toto. There are rumors that the "white-collar projects" which have kept alive at least faint glimmers of hope for thousands of jobless musicians, artists, theatrical workers, writers, etc., may be turned over to the states, which would mean the death of these projects, in fact if not in name. An example of what is happening to the 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 so-called unemployables turned back to the local authorities is to be found in New Jersey, where relief has gone down to the "basket of groceries" level and in some cases officials have frankly told the unemployed to "go out and beg."

Mr. Roosevelt cannot have done all this on any theory that the depression is ended and the need for aid past. The number of unemployed has not declined in the last year, and is still at least 12,000,000 or 13,000,000. In recent months new applications for aid have suddenly shot upward, as more and more people have exhausted their personal resources. The only possible reason for using the axe is to reduce expenditures before the election, for the political effect. If this is the purpose, it is bad politics, to put the matter on its lowest plane. The conservatives who might be impressed by a reduction in the deficit are lost to Mr. Roosevelt in any case. By curtailment of relief, he can lose millions of votes among the common people on whom his reëlection depends.

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Farley Versus the Civil Service

AMONG the counts that have been hastily scribbled in the bill of indictment against the Roosevelt administration, the charge of scuttling the merit system of selecting federal workers has probably gained the widest currency. It is claimed that through the machinations of Postmaster General James A. Farley, the gains of the half-century since the establishment of the Civil Service Commission have been wiped out and that official Washington has reverted to the spoils system of the Jacksonian era. Even the jobs of workers in the highest scientific and professional grades, according to the critics, have been lightly tossed to the ravaging hordes of hungry Democrats. Is there a solid basis for these charges? What are the facts?

The present administration is vulnerable from a number of angles, but this is not one of them. Against the background of the appointment of Dr. Leonard Dupee White, professor of Public Administration at the University of Chicago, as one of the three Civil Service Commissioners, the charge appears particularly ridiculous. Dr. White has devoted his life to extending the merit system, not only in the federal service but in state and municipal governments as well. Moreover, he is a Republican, and to make room for him on the Commission, Miss Jessie Dell, a Democrat from Georgia, was forced to resign.

To be sure, the Farley-Hurja organization has succeeded in finding relatively comfortable billets in some of the emergency agencies for a large number of "deserving Democrats." Nobody remotely acquainted with what has been going on during the past three years would deny that the efforts of the spoilsmen have been attended by some measure of success. But the house cleaning was considerably less drastic than in 1921, when the Ohio Gang swooped down on Washington. The minor successes that Mr. Farley did achieve, moreover, were not due so much to the efficacy of the buff and blue letters from Democratic headquarters as to the fact that the Civil Service Commission, emasculated by the vicious economy drive in the waning months of the Hoover administration, faltered and finally broke down completely. From the summer of 1933 until the fall of 1934, it was virtually impossible to obtain suitable stenographers, typists or statistical clerks from the civil-service registers. Administrative officers in both the old-line departments and the New Deal agencies pleaded frantically for the Commission to come to their rescue, but, after the first few weeks, the only clerical workers with civil-service status to be had were hopeless incompetents, whom no sane administrator could be persuaded to hire under any circumstances.

With the Civil Service Commission tried and found woefully inadequate, Postmaster General Farley, as chief patronage dispenser, leaped gallantly to fill the jobs with blowzy precinct captains and decrepit ward heelers. Yet in spite of this inauspicious setting, the spoils carnival was averted. In the old-line departments, Farley and his lieutenants met with signal failure. With the exception of Attorney General Cummings, nearly all of the Cabinet officers were curiously reluctant to submit their departments to the merciless solicitude of political expediency. Secretary Perkins of the Department of Labor, for example, has been specially adamant in this. Likewise, when a representative from the Democratic national headquarters was dispatched to the Department of the Interior to supervise appointments, he was ignored by Secretary Ickes with spectacular ceremony. For several months Julien N. Friant, with greedy eyes and a watering mouth, hung around Secretary Wallace's anteroom, but was rewarded by only a few minor crumbs. Even Uncle Dan Roper, the Democratic Party's major contribution to Roosevelt's official family, displayed surprising rectitude.

In the New Dispensation agencies, also, Mr. Farley and his henchmen encountered unexpected difficulties. First of all, many of the important agencies that were established were placed under the civil-service law, either by congressional action or by executive order. Such important agencies as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Farm Credit Administration, Federal Communications Commission, National Bituminous Coal Commission, National Labor Relations Board, Railroad Retirement Board, Resettlement Administration, Securities and Exchange Commission, Social Security Board, Motor Carriers Bureau and Soil Conservation Service are all subject to the civil-service Classification Act of 1923. In the aggregate these agencies account for a major fraction of the new workers that have been added to the federal payrolls. Surely if the administration had been bent on wrecking the merit system it would never have permitted these jobs to slip from its grasp.

Nor was it clear sailing in all of the agencies that were not restricted by civil-service requirements. It is true that Jesse Jones, former Democratic national treasurer and the Democratic choice for the chairmanship of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, welcomed Emil Hurja with open arms. During the brief regime of William F. Stevenson, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation was likewise sold out pretty thoroughly. But the heads of many of the other agencies offered stout resistance. Consider, for example, the National Recovery Administration, which, at its peak, employed

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close to 5,000 workers. By dint of perseverance, Mr. Farley did succeed in getting a foothold in a few obscure divisions of the National Recovery Administration, but for the most part his successes were confined to minor clerical posts.

The depressing story of Mr. Farley's failure would be incomplete without brief reference to his unhappy experience with the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Rural Electrification Administration. Both of these agencies have been beyond the pale of the Civil Service Commission from the outset, partly because local residents were given preference. Yet so effectively have the spoilsmen been excluded from these jobs that Senator George W. Norris, an arch-foe of the spoils system, in speaking of the Rural Electrification Administration recently reported:

> This organization has a system which, so far as I can see, comes very near being perfect. While they have not been under Civil Service, no employees have been selected until they have demonstrated their capacity to perform the duties they are going to be called upon to perform.

Finally, some of the old agencies which in previous administrations had been considered fair game for the party spoilsmen, were put safely out of reach before the Farley-Hurja machine could unlimber for action. This happened to the Alien Property Custodian and also to the Federal Radio Commission. Even in the Post Office Department the opportunities for underwriting the reëlection of the Democratic Party were diminished. Under previous administrations the first and second-class postmasterships were regarded as so many fat plums to be dished out by the Postmaster General in reward for extraordinary political obsequiousness. But by virtue of President Roosevelt's order of July 12, 1933, the first and second-class postmasters are now required to pass civil-service examinations and the Postmaster General must appoint one of the three applicants with the highest rating. Although this method is not ideal, it is an improvement over the old system and, at least, will assure the principal cities of literate postmasters.

If the strenuous labors of Postmaster General Farley have been marked by no more than Pyrrhic victories, the plight of the congressmen is even more piteous. Never before in the history of these forty-eight free and United States has the influence of Senators and Representatives counted for less than it has during the past three years. In the early days of the New Deal, the most wholesome sign that pervaded Capitol Hill was the dismay and bewilderment that were in evidence when the wishes of some congressman, high in the ranks of the Democratic councils, were callously disregarded. By the early fall of 1933, the beleaguered legislators were frankly admitting that their support was of little value. Here and there, to be sure, a relative of some prominent Democratic congressmen will be found plugging away at a menial task and being overpaid for it. But such cases are outstanding exceptions. All competent observers will attest that for every federal job found by a congressman, there have been a thousand disappointed constituents.

Lawrence Sullivan, in the February issue of The Atlantic Monthly, indicated that all of the scientific and technical bureaus were demoralized when the new administration took office and that the routine departmental services came to a standstill. He mentioned specifically the Bureau of Standards, the Food and Drug Administration, the Weather Bureau and the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils. The answer to this charge can be supplied by comparing the January, 1935, edition of the Congressional Directory with the edition that came from the presses just before Roosevelt took office. Thumbing through these volumes it will be found that the ranking personnel of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils is the same now as three years ago; in the Weather Bureau there has been only one change during the intervening period, Willis R. Gregg, who was acting chief at the beginning of 1933, having been promoted to director; two changes have taken place in the Bureau of Standards during the past three years, both caused by death and both filled by promoting workers who had long service records; in the Food and Drug Administration two new jobs have been created and both of these were filled by promoting old employees, but otherwise there have been no important changes.

Dark hints have also been circulated to the effect that the realignment of some of the long established units has been motivated by political considerations. It is suggested, for example, that the transfer of the Shipping Board to the Department of Commerce was simply a shabby device for making some 750 jobs available for deserving Democrats. The truth is, however, that when the Roosevelt administration came into office and when the transfer was made, only 101 workers were employed by the Shipping Board and, almost without exception, these employees retained their jobs under the new set-up.

If the efforts of the spoilsmen have been marked by no more than minor successes and if even the scramble of the congressmen after patronage has been effectively blocked, where did the 300,000 workers who have been added to federal payrolls come from? Approximately a fourth were recruited from the civil-service registers, Mr. Lawrence Sullivan notwithstanding. Special competence has counted heavily, particularly for the key positions in the new units. But personal acquaintanceship with someone already in the service has been by far the most cogent asset in getting a job with the New Deal agencies that have not been subject to civil-service regulations. Competent observers who know their way about Washington estimate that this factor has accounted for at least two-thirds of the non-civil-service appointments.

HERBERT O'ROURKE.

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The Word Became Flesh

THE Greeks made dancing the core of their drama because dancing was both natural and necessary to them. Their gods were gods who danced. Their children were trained to dance as part of their public education; their young men and girls danced; they all danced at weddings and festivals, just as they dance today in village taverns or on the islands on the first of May. Greek youths learned through the war dance the various postures of attack and defense, and the military formations of an army. Good dancers and good fighters were called by the same name, *prylés,* while those whose lack of skill kept them in the back rows of the chorus, or in the rear of the army, were alike referred to as *psilés,* unequipped. The public square in Sparta was used so commonly for meetings in which the population offered thanks to the gods by singing and dancing that the place itself was called *choros.* Dancing was potent not only to entertain, but to worship, to petition, to narrate, to celebrate, to teach, to bring down vengeance. "If this behavior is to go unpunished," cries the chorus in Sophocles' "Oedipus," "what's the use of my dancing?" Because music and dancing were essential parts of the religious, political and military organization of the Dorian states, the chorus was a life form before it was an art form. When it became a part of drama it had behind it maturity of experience, and before it a critical audience unwilling to tolerate mediocrity in an art with which it was thoroughly conversant.

What was it like, this dancing for which the tribes assembled from all of Greece, for which prizes were given and statues erected? What was the hidden strength of the Greek drama that led one of our contemporary economists to remark, "If the dramatist could go back to the Greek and really understand it, he would give us that something new that the theatre today needs"?

It is probable that Madame Sikelianos, thoroughly familiar as she is with the tradition of the Greek dance, gave, in the plays which she directed at Delphi in 1927 and 1930, the best conception in modern times of what choral dancing may have been. For those of us not fortunate enough to have seen those Greek plays in a Greek theatre with Greek actors and a Greek audience, the question becomes not so much what choral dancing must have been, but rather, what a modern equivalent of such dancing might be. Which of the great dancers we have seen, for example, might be imagined leading a chorus in that exposed arc encircled by stone and by myriad watching eyes?

Pavlova, attaining perfection in one sort of dance, cannot be imagined in an arena. She would soar delicately above it, above the horrors, the fears, the flayings of flesh and of fortune. Isadora Duncan, with her magnificent body, bare feet and unbound hair, could encompass the heroic space, drawing strength from the stones which Pavlova's delicate feet in their satin shoes would scarcely touch. Perhaps in the moment when she twisted a red flag around her body to the battle cry of the "Marseillaise," or in the majesty of mourning for her children, Isadora Duncan may have danced something akin to the terror and pity of the ancient choruses; but for the most part no matter what she named her dances, she was always primarily a beautiful woman dancing, a grace surrounded by lesser graces, moving sensuously to music, flinging flowers into the air. By very virtue of its opulent beauty the dancing of Isadora Duncan lacked the fierce impersonality that must have been one element of the Greek chorus.

The dance mimes of Mei Lan-fang afford a consummate example of another type of dancing, dancing based on age-old sophistication, strict discipline of body and voice, and a jealously guarded tradition going back seven hundred years before Christ. Here are many elements that move us as Greek dancing must have moved its audience; the undercurrent of music, felt in the action of the dancer even when no music is heard; the accentuation of gesture and step by the sound of instrument; the voices rising, at moments of climax, into a chant. Yet the technique is distinctly an indoor technique demanding a close view. The precise notation of reality, never copying, but arranging in a brilliant pattern, results in perfection, but not a perfection suited to the portrayal of elemental forces, or to the demands of an elemental playing space.

It is, perhaps, in the powerfully energized dancing of Mary Wigman that we gain a conception, not of what Greek choral dancing may have been, for it would be presumption to say that, but of what a modern equivalent of such dancing might be. For the dancing of Mary Wigman is elemental, having its springs in the dark places of the earth and the dark places of the spirit. In "Dance to the Earth" or "Witch Dance," Wigman might be the priestess of Apollo at Delphi, maddened by mantic vapors, drawing her strength from the very navel of the earth. The terrific thud of those powerful feet might be the Bacchae; with some such hard exultance of racing and leaping the Furies must have pursued their victim; and in how many plays, at the breathless moment waiting for the disclosure from within the house—the emergence of Oedipus with blood streaming down his face, the procession of maidens bearing Phaedra's body cut down from the rafters—how often at such a mo-

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ment one longs for some such hypnotic, sinister movement as that of Wigman's whirling dance in which she starts with a great sweep and closes in on herself and on you in a series of concentric circles that gradually fill space and shatter time.

Movement alone, however, was not enough. What sounds that were suitable to the struggles of gods and giants echoed along Parnassus or Kynortion? Or again, since that question may never be answered, what parallel have we today of speech rhythmic, sustained, varied, powerful enough to unite actors and spectators in common supplication or celebration?

Voices chanting in unison alternating with single voices rising in flexible, strongly accented beats produce a form of speech associated through the ages with the act of worship, and still used in our own country, with various modifications, in Roman, Greek, Jewish and Protestant churches. Subdued for the interior setting and conventionalized for expediency, the ardor and urgency of this form of choral speech usually dies, though the Negro services in the South and revival meetings elsewhere often attain a frenzy suggesting the Dionysiac. Watch sixty thousand people under the hot stars of a California night, swaying rhythmically to the singing of a white-robed chorus marching with palm branches around a sepulcher, their choral chant, punctuated by the hoarse, curiously erotic cries of the woman evangelist, and you gain some conception of the empathic response of an audience to waves of sound and movement.

In mass recitations such as those in workers' theatres, emotion is internal, springing from intense belief in the words uttered and in a further belief that uttering these words may actually help the condition described. The technique, differing of course with the degree of experience and the quality of the direction of the group, is, at its best, the most effective use of mass voices heard in modern times. These workers' groups regard the theatre as a weapon which they are learning to use with power. Sometimes it is a concerted chant, ending with words fired like bullets, as in "Miners on Strike":

> 18,000 miners in Kentucky, Tennessee down
> in the mines night of mines airless mines
> mining money and not getting any
> 18,000 miners in Kentucky, Tennessee
> *are on strike!*

The alternate use of full chorus and single voices is used in "We Demand," in which only the theme and the repetitions are emphasized by the full chorus, while individual voices make the demand:

> We demand
> *Demand*
> The society of the future . . .
> We demand
> *Demand*
> A society in which there shall be
> *No race prejudice*
> *No exploitation of labor*
> *No inherited wealth*
> We demand
> *Demand*
> A society in which the liberated egotism of man shall be directed wholly
> *Wholly*
> *To the understanding, the education and the betterment of mankind.*

Was it with some such belief in the power of the word that the word became flesh when the chorus of children in "The Suppliants" longed to avenge their fathers, or when the chorus in "The Bacchanals" unloosed the hounds of madness?

In the intervals between choral dances it is probable that the Greek chorus did not relapse into the state of coma usual between dances upon later stages. Sit in Constitution Square and watch a group of present-day Athenians listening to a story: study the constantly changing flow of expression, the sympathetic gestures, shrugs, movements of the torso, watch the subtle response of the whole body, and you have some idea of how eloquently the chorus must have listened to the play, of how the reactions of the chorus quickened the reactions of the audience. It was the business of the chorus to know the play thoroughly, and to communicate that knowledge to the audience.

The dark knowledge of the chorus could not be used, however, to alter the train of events upon the stage. It was because the Greeks believed, at least in the greatest period of drama, that those events were set in motion by the gods, that they felt in their theatre a certain emotion which we seldom experience in ours, namely, terror. The very words "pity" and "terror" have become stencils to us, and it is hard to make them mean anything. But they meant something to the Greeks. On at least one occasion during a dramatic festival, a child died of fright and a woman suffered a miscarriage.

Our modern plays often arouse pity, in that we are united sympathetically with the human sufferer. They seldom inspire terror, because we have no sense of, or belief in—or at least no acknowledged belief in—a hidden cause or fate. The tragedies in our plays are usually coincidental. For example, when you see, in "Street Scene," the woman in the room with her lover and the husband coming down the street, you have an impulse to warn them. You feel that the husband just happened to arrive at this moment and that the tragedy may still be averted. In a Greek drama you would never think of warning the participants, of telling Agamemnon not to enter the house or Deianeira not to give the shirt to Herakles. Through the principals, caught in the toils, the men and women of the Greek audience were united with the human sufferer, but it was the chorus that united them with the secret forces that brought him low.

Just so long as the knowledge of secret forces energized the chorus, investing dancing, chant-

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ing and listening with the impersonal seal of inevitability, just so long the Greeks had a theatre. When they let the chorus become an interlude, a pleasant interruption, a *divertissement,* they drew the teeth of tragedy and reduced the bawdy splendors of Aristophanes to the level of high comedy. It is a fact that should give pause to anyone considering the twelve thousand theatre people on relief in America today, as well as those pondering the decline of community playhouses or the parlous state of Broadway's economic health, that the first European theatre, the one that for twenty-five centuries has potently influenced life and art, was a theatre based on the belief that drama, through rhythmic speech, dynamic movement and contagious listening, can influence human thought and lead to human action.

HALLIE FLANAGAN and PHILIP DAVIS.

The Spread of Chain-Store Taxes

IN 1931 the Supreme Court upheld the Indiana chain-store-tax act of 1929 and thereby opened to the states an opportunity to tax an unpopular kind of business. Statutes similar to the Indiana act rapidly emerged from the legislative mills until today twenty-one states have one tax, or more, discriminating against chain stores.

The Indiana act was a graduated license tax with a minimum rate of $3 for one store and a maximum of $25 per store for all over twenty. The principle once established, the legislatures have been increasing the rates ever since. From a maximum of $25 in 1929 the Indiana tax has been increased to a maximum of $150. The highest fee so far imposed is $750 in Texas, but attempts have been made in California and Washington to pass measures with maximum rates of $2,500 per store.

The usual act sets up brackets and levies the tax according to the number of stores in each bracket. The original Indiana statute will furnish a good example; it set the rates thus:

> First store, $3.
> Each store over one and not over five, $10.
> Each store over five and not over ten, $15.
> Each store over ten and not over twenty, $20.
> Each store over twenty, $25.

The Indiana license-tax act was upheld by a five-to-four decision, but when, in 1931, Florida attempted to lay a heavier tax upon an owner whose stores were in different counties than upon an owner whose stores were all in the same county, the Supreme Court declared such a distinction arbitrary and void (1933).

The license tax produces some weird inequalities in taxation. The Indiana grocery company which brought the test case on the first Indiana act had 225 retail units, all located in Indianapolis, doing a gross business of approximately $1,000,000 a year. On this business license fees of $5,443 were imposed. At the same time there was a department store in Indianapolis that annually did $8,000,000 worth of business in 124 separate departments, but had to pay only $3 a year.

The late Huey Long in 1934 had his legislature try a new type of graduated license tax. This act brackets chains according to the number of stores operated anywhere in the United States and then taxes those in Louisiana according to the national brackets in which they fall. Thus the Union News Company, which has only one store in Louisiana, has to pay the highest rate because it has more than 500 stores in other states. The farmers of Louisiana are now complaining that chain stores in other states discriminate against Louisiana strawberries! This astonishing piece of legislation is now tied up in the courts. The principal constitutional question is whether its operation amounts to a tax on property beyond the jurisdiction of Louisiana.

Seven states have tried, either by itself or along with the graduated license tax, a graduated gross-receipts tax, sometimes called a graduated gross-sales tax. Only four of these taxes are now in operation. The highest of them is the Iowa tax, which runs to 10 percent on gross business in excess of $9,000,000 a year. The movement to impose graduated gross-receipts taxes seems to have been brought to an early halt by the Supreme Court, which last year declared the Kentucky act unconstitutional. The state courts of New Mexico, Vermont and Wisconsin have declared such taxes invalid, and on the basis of the Supreme Court decision, the others will probably fall too. The following table gives the special taxes on chain stores in the United States today:

State	*Type of Tax*	*Minimum and Maximum Rates per Store*
Alabama	GLT	$1 to $112.50 on all over 20.
California	GLT	$1 to $500 on all over 9.
Colorado	GLT	$2 to $300 on all over 24.
Florida	GLT	$10 to $400 on all over 15. (See note below.)
"	GGRT	½% on 1 store to 5% on 16 or more.
Idaho	GLT	$5 to $500 on all over 19. (See note below.)
Indiana	GLT	$3 to $150 on all over 20.
Iowa	GLT	$5 to $155 on all over 50.
"	GGRT	$25 on less than $50,000 to the equivalent of 10% on that part of gross business in excess of $9,000,000.
Kentucky	GLT	$2 to $300 on all over 50.
Louisiana	GLT	$10 to $550 on all over 25.
Maine	GLT	$1 to $50 on all over 25.
Maryland	GLT	$5 to $150 on all over 20.
Michigan	GLT	$10 to $250 on all over 25.

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Minnesota	GLT	$5 to $155 on all over 50.
"	GGRT	1-20 of 1% on less than $100,000 to 1% on gross business in excess of $1,000,000.
Mississippi	GLT	$3 to $300 on all over 40.
Montana	GLT	$2.50 to $30 on all over 10.
North Carolina	GLT	$50 to $255 on all over 201.
South Carolina	GLT	$5 to $150 on all over 29.
South Dakota	GLT	$1 to $10 on all over 10.
" "	GGRT	1-8 of 1% on less than $50,000; up to 1% on gross business in excess of $1,500,000.
Texas	GLT	$1 to $750 on all over 50.
West Virginia	GLT	$2 to $250 on all over 75.
Wisconsin	GLT	$25 to 250 on all over 25.

NOTES

GLT: Graduated License Tax.

GGRT: Graduated Gross-Receipts Tax.

In Florida and Idaho the highest tax payable on any store is levied upon all stores. The present Florida taxes are statewide.

State courts have invalidated taxes of one or the other type in Georgia, Maryland, New Mexico, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin. In some of these states the courts' objections have been overcome in later statutes.

Litigation is now pending in Florida, Iowa, Louisiana and South Dakota. The California tax is stayed pending a referendum.

These taxes, like other business taxes not levied upon profits or net income, are absorbed by the stores in their overhead and passed along to the consumer in prices. Over small independent merchants, but not over large department stores, the chains enjoy advantages of expert and centralized purchasing, volume buying, rapid turnover and the whole or partial elimination of wholesaler and jobber. As John T. Flynn brought out in a series of articles in The New Republic in 1931, the chains owe their success to the fact that these savings have been passed along to the consumer in lower prices. A chain-store tax may take up these savings, so that the chains must sell at the same prices as the independents, but if the tax goes higher than that it will drive them out of business. The chain stores do most of their business with consumers whose annual incomes do not exceed $2,300. To the extent that potential savings by these consumers are prevented by a chain-store tax, such a tax has the same incidence as the odious retail sales tax: it falls chiefly on those with least ability to pay.

No state has yet imposed a tax that succeeded both in closing all the chains and surviving constitutional obstacles. The Iowa taxes are said to have forced a large number of chain filling stations to close, and the Louisiana act, if upheld, will probably close some chain stores there. Since the principle of license taxes discriminating against chain stores has been established, some state will, no doubt, soon attempt definitely to drive chain stores out of business. The Florida Legislature, indeed, gave serious consideration during the session of 1935 to a bill that would have prohibited anyone in the state from operating more than one store.

Chain-store taxes of both kinds have failed to bring in enough revenue to begin to meet the financial needs of the states. No one can say with certainty what the revenue possibilities of these taxes are until the courts have settled their constitutionality, especially the constitutionality of the graduated gross-receipts tax. The license tax seems to have definite limitations as a revenue measure. The Louisiana act, already mentioned as being one of the highest in the country, would bring in only $120,700 a year, a mere drop in the relief bucket. In theory the tax would produce its maximum revenue with the rates at the point beyond which it would pay a chain to close its less profitable units. The rates that may be imposed are, as compared with other taxes (gasoline, for example) relatively inelastic; the tax cannot be put high enough to make any substantial contribution to the needs of the states without being self-defeating.

There are two groups of opponents of chain enterprises: the small retailers with their allies the wholesalers, and the persons to whom bigness appears in itself to be a danger. Mr. Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinion in the Florida case said: "The aim of the statute, at the lowest, is to preserve the competition of the independent stores with the chain stores; at the highest, its aim is to eliminate altogether the corporate chain stores from retail distribution. . . . Businesses may become as harmful to the community by excessive size as by monopoly or the commonly recognized restraints of trade."

State associations of druggists, grocers and other small retailers lead the movement for anti-chain-store laws. The wholesalers fear the growth of the chains because one of the savings made possible by the chain-store system is the elimination of middlemen in the progress of goods from producer to consumer. They are, therefore, ready to finance many of the organizations of retailers who press anti-chain-store bills upon legislatures.

Opinions differ as to the extent of the danger of the chains to individual retailers. There is some evidence to show that failures among independents have decreased rather than increased since the rise of the chains. It is true that the chains have a price advantage over the independents, but the individual merchants commonly provide services not offered by the chains, such as delivery and charge accounts. Voluntary chains and groups of independents who band together to buy direct from manufacturers have been reasonably successful in meeting price competition from chains when they undertake to sell to the same class of customers under the same conditions. A prime cause of failure among independents seems to be insufficient capital.

The view of those who see bigness as a danger in itself is an emotion, and, like all emotions, it does not submit readily to logical analysis. If the chains become too big for efficient management they will fall of their own weight; they cannot compete with independents or with smaller or better managed chains. It is the very size of the chains that enables them to make volume purchases, and, as long as the resultant savings are passed along to consumers in lower retail prices, it would not appear that the public interest would be served by a tax handicap upon efficient distribution.

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It must be said for the chains that they have not taken advantage of their size to engage in the business practices that made the early history of the Standard Oil Company notorious. And for an industry that has grown rapidly, their financing has been singularly free from the stock watering and manipulation that have been common in railroads and public utilities.

The chains have in fact grown too rapidly to establish for themselves the place in public confidence enjoyed, for instance, by the department stores. One result of this want of confidence has been the movement to impose discriminatory taxes upon them. Although the high water mark of anti-chain-store taxes has probably not yet been reached, so long as the chains save money for the consumer it is only a question of time until public opinion will come to oppose chain-store taxes.

DAYTON D. MCKEAN.

They Have Murdered My Friend

A FRIEND of mine was murdered a few days ago. Well, perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to call him an acquaintance. I saw him at fairly frequent intervals for quite a long time, some years back, and then he left New York and dropped out of my days and thoughts. That is what happens in a metropolis, where you meet in the crowd many people with whom you could be friends, only to be thrust apart again by the crowd. I had not even thought of him for years until a few lines in a daily newspaper last week told me that he had been murdered.

He was a Cuban and when I knew him best he was busy helping to overthrow the tyrant Machado, who now, in exile, cowers behind the walls of his Bermuda garden waiting for the revenge that will some day overtake him. When I went to Cuba, eight years ago, to tell in print the story of Machado's bloody-fingered reign, this man helped me greatly. He arranged interviews with leaders of the patriots' movement who had gone underground, men whose lives might have been sacrificed if I had bungled my entrance to or departure from their quarters. Later, in New York, he brought me messages from these Cubans and supplied me with the information about his native country that one might expect from a sensitive, fine spirit, a highly educated gentleman who wanted for his compatriots peace and freedom, the right to live out their lives as human beings were intended to live them out.

The world of conversationalists, in my experience, is divided into two classes: those who listen to what the other person has to say, and those who use the interval to plan their next remark. This Cuban gentleman was of the first variety. He used to come quietly into my office in summer, clad in a suit a little nearer to pure white than is the New York mode. He would speak to me of what was going on in Cuba: of men who kissed their wives goodbye in the morning and were never heard of again; of bodies sliding down a tube of masonry from a fortress into the sea, where the sharks got them; of how starvation, rifle over shoulder, stalked the homes of the workers so that they dared not complain even of this slow death. He would tell me these things quietly, then murmur, But you are busy, and rise and bow and leave.

Machado is gone, but the bayonet remains. "They" caught up with my Cuban last week. On a road outside Havana his automobile was stopped and he and a friend were taken out and tortured to death. The bodies were put back in a car, gasoline was poured over them and they were set on fire. But these sadistic murderers had overreached themselves; the torture was too complete to be obscured by surface burns. The news of what had happened was spread abroad and it has helped to make the coming trouble in Cuba a little nearer and a little bigger. My friend, as it happened, was no revolutionist by the hard-and-fast patterns that dominate the world today. He had fought tyranny under Machado solely because it was tyranny. If he was still fighting when those men stepped into the road before his car, it was for the same reason.

Who killed him? Nobody, of course, knows; nobody ever knows in these cases. But in recent weeks the Cuban Supreme Court and both houses of the Cuban Legislature have charged many similar killings to the present government, the government whose actual head is ex-Sergeant Batista, friend of American Ambassador Caffery. They have demanded that prisoners be given formal trials and that the "military killings," of which there have been so many in recent months, shall cease. That, however, does no good to my friend, who used to come into my office on those hot summer days, cool in his white suit, bowing with Latin punctilio and himself smiling a little over his so-correct, careful English. They put him back in the car, in three pieces, and probably someone hunted for a match. Got a match, Juan? And then the rasp across the trousers and the quick burst of flame. . . .

All over this world, in the last twenty years, people have been torturing one another to death. I can supply you, out of my files and if you care to have them, details of what happens in Jugoslav prisons, and in Ukrainian villages in Poland, and in Soviet China, and in police stations in Brazil. The pull back toward savagery is like the pull of gravitation; destroy men's security, bring fear on a large enough scale, and down they slip, toward and into the abyss. The sadistic torturers of the German prison camps and the Italian islands of exile were no different, in their cradles, from the saints of this earth. We, collectively, have done something to them to make them worse than the beasts. It is what we call our civilization that makes these men into torturers; and the ironic and pitiful thing about it is that they do their torturing in the effort

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to preserve the state of society that has transformed them into such spiritually misshapen, grotesque monsters. The old order that they defend with such dreadful means is decaying; it has infected them with the breath of mortality; and because this is so, they refuse now to breathe clean air, to lift their heads to God's sun, to do anything but kill and kill until they are frightened, and because they are frightened, kill again.

All things pass and are forgotten. In the course of years, if I live, probably I shall forget you, Octavio Seigle, Cuban friend, killed by hate because you believed in peace and love and good will. But if I live, it will be a long time. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Hollywood Fights Its Writers

WHEN THE movie producers launched their attack against the Screen Writers' Guild a few weeks ago, the class struggle moved into a new and hitherto fairly restricted zone: screen writers receive from $200 to $3,000 a week. Yet these rather comfortably paid workers, seemingly outside the reach of baser economic forces, were subjected to a campaign of coercion and intimidation that would have warmed the heart of any union-busting employer in steel or textiles. Indeed, it did bring cheers from two employers of some prominence in the publishing field—I mean William Randolph Hearst and Roy Howard, head of the somewhat liberal Scripps-Howard news chain. Howard, when he learned that 100 members of the Guild had resigned, or been forced to resign, wired congratulations to Rupert Hughes, leader of the secession of "loyal" writers from the Guild.

There is evidence to suggest that the screen writers were quite unprepared for what took place. Some are no doubt still wondering what it was that hit them. The producers had virtually ignored the existence of the Guild from the time it was first organized in 1921, and until a month or so ago there was little indication that this attitude would change. The Guild had been an ineffectual organization until 1933, when the producers used the bank holiday as an excuse for putting through a 50-percent wage cut throughout the studios. The cut hit everyone except the organized electricians, cameramen, stagehands, and so on, whose unions had contracts. That taught the writers a lesson, and the Guild rapidly grew in size and prestige, though the producers continued to ignore it, officially at least.

On May 2, however, the Guild planned to hold a meeting that suddenly aroused the industry's intense interest. For at this meeting the screen writers were to consider amalgamation with the Authors' League and the Dramatists' Guild. This would have tended to break down the existing craft division among the three writers' groups by bringing them all into one organization. Obviously, it would have strengthened the bargaining power of the combined group tremendously. The producers saw its implications immediately. They saw themselves being forced to sign a minimum basic contract—something the Screen Writers' Guild had been unable to win by itself. The threat looked serious, especially in view of the strike of the Dramatists' Guild, now going on in New York City.

Accordingly, the film magnates decided to break up the amalgamation program. Their strategy, if lacking in originality, was at least in accordance with accepted practice. There was, to begin with, the Red scare, ably promoted by Hearst through an editorial printed nationwide. This appeared one week before the scheduled meeting of May 2, and the producers took pains to mail it special delivery to their writers. On the same day the producers issued a joint ultimatum from the office of Will Hays in which they threatened to use "every resource at their command" to prevent the "disturbers" and "radical-minded" from disrupting the industry. Some of the writers took the hint and speedily expressed their loyalty to the producers through paid advertisements. Bess Meredyth, for example, took six pages in The Hollywood Reporter to print in full the opinion of her lawyer, one Major Walter K. Tuller, who had advised her that membership in the Authors' League—a union—was probably illegal, a violation of the anti-trust laws! Writers were also warned of the menace of the closed shop (to them) and of the necessity for preserving their autonomy.

To be sure, there were those who tried to keep the issue clear. Dudley Nichols, in a page advertisement in Variety, declared that "the Producers' Association—one of the strongest unions in the world—has declared war. Foreseeing defeat if the writers stand together, they have seized upon all manner of propaganda to create fear and dissension. . . . There is only one course for writers. . . . Stand together. Vote for amalgamation."

But the voices of dissension won out. The May 2 meeting compromised on a resolution for amalgamation "in principle" that really meant no amalgamation at all. The conservatives, having forced this compromise as a condition of their staying in the Guild, forgot their bargain and quit. They then devoted the ensuing week to promoting a rival organization which, they announced, would be loyal and friendly to the producers. Not surprisingly, the industry offered its blessing to the new venture. The Producers' Association announced its readiness to give the new organization—when and if formed—immediate recognition, a hospitality it had never shown to the Guild. The "loyal" writers, moreover, were given the complete run of the studios for organizing purposes. They had the use of studio dining rooms and projection rooms for meetings, while messengers, lawyers and mimeographing crews were placed at their disposal.

Yet, despite this organized pressure, it appears that only about 100 out of 450 active members of the Guild have actually resigned. Unquestionably some of that number would not have resigned of

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their free will, while many courageously stood by the Guild, even at the risk of losing their jobs. At a meeting held last week, moreover, 125 active and voting members (those actually working in the studios) vetoed, in effect, the earlier compromise on amalgamation, when they signed applications for membership in the Authors' League, which heads up the new union of writers.

Back in New York the battle had reverberations of two sorts. Among the dramatists, who were still on strike, it aroused concern and hastened a settlement which, while representing a partial victory for the dramatists, reflected compromises that they might not otherwise have been inclined to make. Meantime, the split among the screen writers took on further national significance as Roy Howard seized upon it as a basis for attacking the American Newspaper Guild. In the best Hearstian manner, Howard asked Rupert Hughes for a statement that would make the public conscious of a great parallel, to wit, that the unionization of news writers, like that of screen writers, represented a "menace to democratic institutions" and would lead to a sort of fascist gagging of freedom of expression. Mr. Hughes obliged with a magnificent editorial, written just as outlined by Mr. Howard, and Mr. Howard printed it as a news story in The New York World-Telegram. That Mr. Hughes was busily engaged in forming an undemocratic company union—with which to fight fascism—did not apparently strike Mr. Howard as unduly inconsistent. The liberty of the writing craft, as Mr. Howard sees it, is safe only when the film magnates, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Howard have complete freedom to hire and fire. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Verses for the Wrong Occasions

LULLABY—FOR ONESELF AS ADULT MALE

O'er soft the gentling soft you smoothly on—
In bringing in compliance to away—
The go, the going, ought to go, and gone—
Give us forgive this unforgiving day.

The undulance from objects into mind—
Yes no yes no of patient tick death tock—
Here is the past and future intertwined—
Each man the key, and everything the lock.

Child of the centuries, sleep.
Sweet bearded darling, sleep.

UNEASY THOUGHT OF PEACE

In our street
We lie late in bed
On dull winter mornings
And think of the dead.

In our street
We lie in our hovels
And hear it having snowed
By the scraping of shovels.

KENNETH BURKE.

Washington Notes

Campaign Expenses and Delegate Buying—The du Ponts Plump for Landon—Hilles Softens—The New Dealers vs. Sumner Welles

GOVERNOR Landon's supporters greatly resent the stories being spread by partisans of Senator Borah about their candidate's supposed affiliations with big business. They themselves, however, are remarkably reluctant to answer plain questions concerning the miraculous ease with which Mr. Landon has picked up delegates in the industrial East. This makes the truth about the Landon campaign difficult to arrive at—almost as difficult as the truth about the Coptic Ark of the Covenant in Aksum, in what used to be Ethiopia, which is visible only to the devout.

In the flood of rumor now inundating Washington, however, it is possible to salvage a few substantial facts. There seems no reason to doubt that, as his supporters contend, Governor Landon's headquarters in Kansas City and Topeka have spent less than $40,000—a relatively insignificant sum.

This does not, however, touch the question whether other money has not been spent independently in Mr. Landon's behalf. It seems reasonably certain that, at the beginning of the campaign, several wealthy individuals, regarding Mr. Landon as a good investment, made preparations to embark on quiet delegate-buying expeditions. It is also certain that a top Republican official sent word to Mr. Landon to call off his wealthy admirers. The official solemnly pointed out that a delegate-buying scandal, if it occurred, would not only aid Senator Borah in capturing the Cleveland convention, but later would be a potent weapon in the hands of the Democrats. Quite possibly Mr. Landon did not need this warning, and would have disavowed the activities of his volunteer friends of his own accord. In any case, most observers are agreed that the mysterious spending in Mr. Landon's behalf has now ceased.

The question of campaign expenditures, however, seems to me less vital than that of Mr. Landon's alleged connections with big business. A candidate with big-business support does not need to grub for stray Southern delegates. Mr. Landon has the support of the du Pont-General Motors interests, and this is plausibly explained by the antipathy of Messrs. Pierre and Irenee du Pont for Senator Vandenberg. Last March, although few people thought Mr. Borah could be nominated, many believed that he would be a decisive force at Cleveland. They also believed that he would be likely to throw his strength to Mr. Vandenberg, and that the latter had an excellent chance of winning. As you will recall, Mr. Vandenberg was a member of the Senate Munitions Committee, and helped reveal the greedy and high-handed conduct of the du Ponts during the World War. Apparently the du Ponts decided to prevent any possibility of Mr. Vandenberg's nomination at Cleveland by making sure—so far as they could—that Mr. Landon would be chosen on the first ballot. Accordingly Governor Buck of Delaware, whose wife is a member of the du Pont family, was sent to Topeka to give Mr. Landon the official, cellophane-wrapped, du Pont blessing.

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So vast are the du Pont interests that their support alone suffices to explain the favor in which Mr. Landon has come to be held by wide sections of business. A Landon supporter who ought not to be overlooked, however, is Mr. Frank Phillips, the vigorous head of Phillips Petroleum. He has many big-business affiliations, and is also a member of the Lotos Club in New York, which has sometimes served in the past as a Republican council chamber. Another important figure is former Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, one of the earliest and most useful Landon supporters in the East. Recently there have been reports, however, that Mr. Mills's original ardor has cooled.

As this is written, Mr. Landon has not yet reached an understanding with Mr. Hilles of New York, the number-one boss of the East, although he has the support of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Delaware, as well as a majority of Pennsylvania's delegation. Primarily this is due to the mutual dislike of Mr. Hilles and Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, the former boy wonder of Kansas and Mr. Landon's campaign manager. Mr. Hamilton has clearly indicated that he thinks that Mr. Hilles suffers from extreme shelfage, and that he himself would make a greatly improved number-one boss. However, pressure is evidently being put on both men to coöperate. Mr. Hamilton has made friendly gestures towards Mr. J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut, Mr. Hilles' chief ally. There are also signs of a softening on Mr. Hilles' part. Not long ago, a group was formed in Washington to build up Senator Steiwer, Mr. Hilles' personal choice for the nomination, as an avowed stop-Landon candidate. This group has quietly dissolved, presumably with Mr. Hilles' approval.

More significant, perhaps, is the fact that one of New York's delegates-at-large has let it be known that he will refuse to participate at Cleveland in any last-ditch, stop-Landon maneuver. He argues that, if Mr. Landon should be defeated by a combination of Eastern bosses, the Middle West would be hopelessly lost to the Republicans in the election. If Landon comes within reaching distance of a majority, he may try to split the delegation, and deliver enough New York votes to Landon to nominate him.

The proposed Buenos Aires peace conference has brought about a curious rivalry between Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles and his nominal chief, Secretary Hull. Mr. Welles regards himself as an authority on Latin American affairs, and is determined that he, rather than Mr. Hull, shall lead the United States delegation to Buenos Aires. Mr. Welles had charge of United States policy during the long Cuban crisis, and feels that his course was vindicated by last winter's Cuban election, admittedly the quietest in its history. New Dealers point out that the followers of Provisional President Grau San Martin, the most hopeful group in Cuban politics, are almost all still in exile, that the sadistic Colonel Batista remains at the head of the army, and that the new President, Mr. Mariano Gomez, is not essentially different from the discredited Machado. In the New Dealers' opinion, Mr. Welles's Cuban policy has been chiefly dictated by a desire to please United States public-utility, banking and sugar interests, and it would be an unforgivable blunder to send him, instead of Mr. Hull, to the Buenos Aires meeting.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mr. Morgenthau as Head Man—Not a Financier in a Carload—Previous Failures and the Present Tax Bill

IF YOU will read the history of revolutions in the modern world you will find that they have a way of dividing naturally into chapters formed around the struggles of finance ministers to cope with the tax problems of the harried dynasties. In periods of prosperity the finance minister sits upon an easy spot. It is when the times are hard and the government grapples with its ancient foe—the deficit—that the finance minister becomes the most important man in the government.

It was for this reason that, upon Mr. Roosevelt's accession to power, I was a little shocked at the naming of Mr. William H. Woodin to the post. Mr. Woodin had risen rather handily in his father's corporation. He had a share of talent as a hand-shaking salesman. He knew how to call people by their first names. He had spent more than one week-end on a Morgan preferred list. Above all, he was a guitar player and picked out upon the strings bromidic airs which he called compositions. Because of his rather immature mind and his naïve economic philosophy, his appointment, in the presence of a four-billion-dollar deficit and in an era of upheaval, was a source of grave concern to many of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters who did not know the President well.

Mr. Woodin passed from the picture by death, to be succeeded by an even less sophisticated and more futile minister. That Mr. Roosevelt did not perceive the necessity of having a Secretary of the Treasury of strong character, of wide experience, of profound knowledge of national finance, has been a source of mystery to me ever since Mr. Morgenthau's appointment. Friends of the President have attempted to explain it on the ground that Mr. Roosevelt proposed to be his own Secretary of the Treasury. He had named Mr. Morgenthau merely as an administrator.

This would hold water if Mr. Roosevelt pretended to know anything about finance. He does not. What is more, the Secretary of the Treasury is not, according to any of his functions, a mere office manager. The problems of the office in a time like this are so many, so varied, so harassing and so professional that no President can hope to have either the time or the qualifications to discharge them. And in fact the President has not acted as his own finance minister; one weird scheme after another has come to him from the Treasury Department, to be swallowed by him without a question.

This is what happened in the case of the present unhappy tax bill. The President not being a financier, and the Secretary of the Treasury not being a financier, the two brought into the Treasury, as their chief adviser in fact, a third person, who is also not a financier. This official has been responsible for the series of moves that have made the Treasury the President's most deplorable liability.

The series of misadventures began with the Warren gold-purchasing plan. Secretary Morgenthau introduced Professor Warren to the President—the professor having been his former professor in Cornell. Warren sold the

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gold-purchase plan just about as quickly as a book salesman sells a set of the World's Greatest Orators. What a fiasco this proved to be is general knowledge. Its mention in official circles is forbidden by politeness.

Then came the stock-exchange act. Here again, when the act was introduced, the President was induced to have the Treasury Department brought into the conferences about the bill. Mr. Morgenthau was impressed with the predictions of disaster which important Wall Street bankers made about the S.E.C. bill. He and his adviser put Mr. Tom K. Smith, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, into the conference. Mr. Smith was also second vice-president of the American Bankers' Association. Mr. Smith, with the prestige of the Treasury behind him, forced the drawing of tooth after tooth from the bill.

Then came the inheritance-tax proposals of the President. Mr. Roosevelt sent a message to Congress calling for inheritance-tax levies. But there was no bill ready in his Treasury Department. Then belatedly the Department came forward with a bill. The bill was so hastily drawn, so crude, so loose, that tax experts on the Hill advised Congress to have nothing to do with it.

The latest chapter is the present tax bill. The President saw the necessity of revenue. Plans were being formed or at least discussed for raising revenue to make up the losses from the processing taxes and to meet the bonus amortization. Presently Mr. Morgenthau and his adviser showed up in the President's office one day. They were quite enthusiastic. They had a plan that would solve all difficulties. It would raise more than the needed revenue. It would actually please Wall Street. The abolition of existing corporation taxes and the use of a tax on undistributed surpluses was the great plan. Upon so simple a presentation as that, without hesitating long enough to ask the advice of others, to check the claims of the two enthusiasts, the President promptly gave his consent. It seems incredible, but I am assured it is so.

Thereupon the bill was presented. It had been hastily drawn. It had not been thought through. It was full of loopholes. But it went to Congress with the President's blessing. It is safe to say that the bill did not have the support of any of the tax experts of the Treasury and, of course, of none on the Hill. It was, therefore, doomed to failure as soon as it was exposed to scrutiny.

Of course, the principle of taxing undistributed corporation profits is a sound one and one that had long been under consideration by the economic experts of the administration. But the idea of basing the taxes, not upon the profits themselves or the rate of profits, but solely upon the amount undistributed, is a thoroughly unsound idea. Corporation profits should be taxed, however great or small. There ought to be an additional tax depending on the rate of return on the corporation's investment—an excess-profits tax. There ought to be an additional tax upon that part of the earnings which are not distributed. But the bill wiped out both of the two first taxes and used the undistributed surplus as the base for taxation. And this led the tax-levier into so many illogical and contradictory devices to escape the results of his own folly that the bill became a jest. Mr. Roosevelt's Treasury Department is doing him far more harm than the Liberty League.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Legends from Kronstadt

HAVING heard from several quarters that "We Are from Kronstadt" was a great film, I directly went back to see it a second time, this time trying very hard. But while I found more things to like, all I can say is that if this is high art in films, I shouldn't like to be the boy who had to go to bat and say why.

The story is that of the Kronstadt sailors in the Russian Revolution, how they were a rebellious and unkempt bunch until their commissar led them into the proper way, how a contingent of them was practically wiped out but how the hero escaped and brought the fleet to where the Red infantry was itself about to be wiped out. The commissar died but the colors of his teaching rode high through the battle, which was won. Outside of minor business the story is as simple as this—so simple, in fact, that it becomes a series of tableaux illustrating certain phases of the Civil War in Russia. And this simplicity is the beginning of the end, for the director (Dzigan) has grander pretensions: he wants to be Eisenstein and so follows the crudities of "Potemkin" without having the conscious technique—the labor of cutting, the running comment of contrasts and symbols, the camera of Tisse—that made such a film possible. He also wants to be Cecil B. DeMille and work in magnitudes, but is without DeMille's material resources and patient literalness; he wants to use the humor and life-colors that "Chapayev" showed to be possible in Russian pictures—but the pressure of this is incidental rather than steady and cumulative. The end effect is confused if not fake.

The theme in any such picture is grand beyond a doubt; the line of its development here impeccable. The relations among the characters are quite sound from a human point of view and shrewdly devised to give life to what would otherwise be a diagram. Artem the sailor, a fine solid chunk of a fellow, stays in the center of the picture and develops his feud with the infantry man, his seaman's suspicion of the commissar, his roving eye for the chippie (stunning creature: I wonder if she has a phone number) who turns out to be a Party member and, what is more tragic, the wife of an infantry officer. His friend Bezprozvanny and the guitar are a good touch, both for humor and poignancy; and there are some incidental types. When these people are doing their various bits, there is nothing more fetching and lifelike in any theatre (the prize line for many a day, in fact, is that spoken by Artem when he is escaping disguised as a woman, and some White Guard with four-inch mustachios tries to make him and follows him into a house—from which comes first silence, then a low thud and moan, then Artem, very mad and wiping his knife: "Infantry bastard," he says spitting, and starts to walk off. He stops, scratching his head: "Hm-m," he says to himself, "and a White Guard, what is more.")

Life on the ships and in camp is a meager quantity in this picture, but there is one very beautifully conceived night scene in quarters—just before the alarm the children come out and clamber around, quite innocent in wonderment and play, gazing and touching in the middle of all this weariness and hunger and the instruments of death. These things I liked, and also some of the excitement of the fight scenes,

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but they are subsidiary and lose their best luster by not being in the position of contributing to, and taking life from, the main line of development.

All through the picture Dzigan stands in no awe of his facts, throwing them in for what the spectacle is worth and when it is time for consequences, stepping out from under and moving off to the next set. There will be such a striking scene as that where the tank comes tremendous over the hill; and then the effect thins out into the trick it is when, as the director walks abstractedly away, we see there are no other tanks, no supporting line; just one of the most priceless pieces in the arsenal wandering lonesomely around looking for an owner.

Likewise the effect of those terrible waves of enemy troops coming down from that same hilltop thins out somewhat when, in the interests of building suspense, those inevitable waves seem to be crossing the same fifty yards for half an hour. "I wrote this scenario," to quote from the few words Vishnevsky has been prevailed on to say to the folks, "refuting many cinema traditions, blazing new trails. I came out against parlor realism, against a conventionally symbolical cinema." Well, his trail-blazing is that of one who would attempt to drive down the Bronx River Parkway and up the Post Road at the same time, landing up in something of a mess, but his realism is what gets most in your teeth by the end. One sequence will illustrate this unfortunate cross between the fish of symbolic attitudes and the flesh of everyday reactions: the place where the Whites don't shoot the captives because it would waste ammunition (logical) and then instead of using bayonets spend half a day lashing rocks to their necks and pushing them into the sea after appropriate speeches from each (applesauce); and where one captive smuggles a knife, cuts the lashings and swims ashore and, getting his breath, decides on further rescue (right); and then carefully drops the knife and plunges in with his soggy greatcoat on (odd), dives and comes up with the commissar, with whom, plus the weight in rock which sank all the other hearties, he then swims to shore (impossible) and buries without testing for death or trying resuscitation (foolish).

But in spite of all such typical matters, the film seems to excite many, and I should attribute this largely to its origin and still unfamiliar sales ballyhoo were it not for one good mind whose enthusiasm is not induced this way. It thrills him, he says, as a legend they have been working on for years, a great myth.

Well, well. So maybe I should forget the trouper who played "The Star Spangled Banner" and saved the act, and forget all about my grandfather, with his fierce daft eyes and brows, and the scheme that got to be so dear to his heart, in those last years, of making hens lay hymn books. It was all to the glory of God—and there he would be, walking out day or night, Sunday stick in one hand and in the other his private chamber pot, so as to make it a real long friendly call on the feathered friends. He was busy for years on that scheme; but I recall clearly that the old gentleman died in his bed one night, babbling about flaxpits and the living Jesus; that our hens went right on laying eggs as they always had; and that neither they nor the old gentleman, bless all their foolish hearts, had the least thing to do with the fine and complex art of moving pictures.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Leftists trail in French poll.

Lefts win in French election.—*Two headlines in the same edition, same day, of The New York American and The New York Daily Mirror, both owned by Hearst.*

He believed the German remilitarization of the Rhineland was directed by the French high command as a means of arousing the spirit of nationalism to offset the spread of radicalism from riot-swept Spain.

The German occupation of the Rhineland offers no immediate threat of war, but it served to save France from communism which, otherwise, would have been in control by fall.—*Frederic Snyder, world traveler, lecturer and journalist, in a speech in Jersey City, reported in The Hudson Dispatch, Union City, N. J.*

Only 193 days remain in which to save your country.

What are you doing to save it?—*From The Chicago Tribune's "Platform for 1936" as published in the issue for April 25.*

The widow or divorcée who wears a white wedding dress and bridal veil certainly affronts every precept of good taste . . . Her gesture . . . is to make a mockery of the emblems of bridal purity. There are possible exceptions—such as one of which I knew where the bridegroom was killed in a motor accident on their way to the station to start off on their honeymoon. She married several years later and wore a bridal dress. Even this caused a certain amount of unpleasant comment, chiefly to the effect that one real wedding should be enough for any woman.—*Emily Post in "Good Taste Today," a syndicated article.*

Friends of Dr. Eckener believe that General Göring is not anxious to bring the matter [the disciplining of Dr. Eckener for his lukewarm attitude toward the Nazis] to a definite head . . . Nazi officials have been surprised by the interest which the Propaganda Minister's action has aroused abroad, and it is thought that the position may be left as it is until foreign opinion has had time to forget the incident.—*Reuter dispatch from Berlin in The Manchester Guardian.*

English as She Is Spoke

Mandated territories are not colonies . . . they are only part of the British Empire in what I may call a colloquial sense.—*Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons.*

And Tariffs Fall Down from Heaven

Mr. A. A. Berle Jr. joined with Mr. Eustace Seligman in denying that capitalism tends toward war in a greater degree than communism, and in declaring that barriers to international trade and communication, as exemplified by tariffs, do tend toward creation of national dissatisfaction, and hence toward war.—*News item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

On Whistling for the Winds of Doctrine

SIR: To judge by the correspondence you have lately printed about Edmund Wilson's series of articles on Russia, three-fourths of your readers mistake Mr. Wilson for a literary dilettante who has blundered into a political quarrel. If the majority of your readers really consider Edmund Wilson a literary dilettante and Russia a political quarrel, I think The New Republic ought to shut up shop. The New Yorker also printed two of Mr. Wilson's articles, and I have it on good authority that some members of their staff sent an indignant manifesto to the editor, viewing with alarm the publication of such radical propaganda!

What's the answer? Mr. Wilson says the world is becalmed. The New York intelligentsia don't like to admit that, though they're all so intent on whistling for various doctrinaire winds that they simply can't understand or forgive Mr. Wilson for not whistling too.

If there has been a more convincing, soberly inspiring picture of Russia's great experiment than Mr. Wilson has given in your columns, I have yet to see it. I hope you are as proud of having printed his articles as you should be ashamed of your readers.

Princeton, N. J. T. S. MATTHEWS.

Fascism and the Southern Agrarians

IN THE February issue of the magazine Fight, Miss Grace Lumpkin published a very strange interview with Mr. Seward Collins, editor of The American Review. A few of the questions and Mr. Collins' answers will give the general tone:

> Q. Some of the things you have said make me think you are a fascist. Are you?
>
> Mr. Collins: Yes, I am a fascist. I admire Hitler and Mussolini very much. They have done great things for their countries. I do not agree with everything they do, but . . .
>
> Q. You have said you wish to go back to medieval times. You wish to do away with all progress?
>
> Mr. Collins: Yes.
>
> Q. And do you wish to have a king and nobles, counts, dukes, etc., in America?
>
> Mr. Collins: Yes, exactly!
>
> Q. You wish to live as people did then?
>
> Mr. Collins: Yes, do away with the automobile and go back to the horse.
>
> Q. You wish to do without conveniences?
>
> Mr. Collins: Yes.
>
> Q. Without bathtubs?
>
> Mr. Collins: I never use a bathtub.
>
> Q. You don't bathe?
>
> Mr. Collins (dignified): I use a shower.
>
> Q. Then you would want a shower?
>
> Mr. Collins: I could rig up a shower.

In a concluding note, Miss Lumpkin said: "I do believe after reading a number of books like 'God Without Thunder,' 'I'll Take My Stand,' and copies of The Southern Review and The American Review, that in those who write for them (some of them very sensitive and fine writers) there is the beginning of a group that is preparing the philosophical and moral shirt-front for fascism." It was this note that called forth Mr. Tate's open letter and Miss Lumpkin's answer.—THE EDITORS.

FROM MR. TATE

Dear Miss Lumpkin:

Your interview with Mr. Seward Collins, published in a recent number of Fight, has come to my attention. I read it first with amusement. I read it again with amazement—that you had identified all the views of Mr. Collins with all the views of the distributist-agrarian writers with whom I am associated.

If you represent Mr. Collins correctly, I am surprised at a change of his views, since I talked to him a year ago, that I cannot share. I will make some categorical statements that represent my real views, and I think you will be kind enough to refer to them in the future—should you again mention my name in public—rather than to fictitious opinions deduced from someone else's beliefs or from your understanding of someone else's beliefs. My views on the questions raised by your interview with Mr. Collins, are:

First, I do not believe in fascism. I hold the political views that I do hold because they alone seem to me to stand between us and the Fascist State. It is the argument of the Communists that all who are not Communists are—by a miraculously illuminating logic—impaled upon the horn of fascism. That is the Communist argument, but it is not the argument of European history since the War.

Second, I am so deeply opposed to fascism that I should choose communism if it were the alternative to it. Both are slave-states, but the aim of fascism must be realized by force, while the aim of communism, ideally at least, looks toward order and consent.

I now come to a series of ridiculous charges against the distributist-agrarians, and they are charges that have been made by other writers than you. I deny them as follows:

I do not want to restore the Middle Ages. I do not want to restore any previous age. I do not want to restore anything whatsoever. It is our task to create something; and because communism, following the line of least resistance in its acceptance of the technique of production under finance-capitalism, is not radical enough, not *creative,* I am against it; and it is my impression that the other agrarians are against communism for this same reason, as well as for other reasons. To say that we want to restore the past in any form is a gross misrepresentation, and there is no written authority for it. I do not accuse you of inventing this fiction. It has simply got into circulation, and our opponents find it easier to repeat it than to read what we have written and to understand it. We do happen, I believe, to know a little about American history—more, perhaps, at the present moment than Karl Marx could have known eighty years ago; and we try to understand American life rather than a formula invented in a Marxian past that the modern Marxists are valiantly trying to restore. We believe, in short, that the American people exist, not that they are mere illustrations of a doctrine that a few zealots have borrowed from Europe.

May I suggest the kind of attack against us that you, as a Communist, might make convincing to persons who are not already converted to your cause? First, you could make an effort to understand our views. It does not, I imagine, require much effort to misunderstand; but the art of misunderstanding will not make you any new friends. I am convinced that the philosophy of the Property State is as hard to understand at the headquarters of the Communist Party as it is in the New York Stock Exchange. I offer this observation as the starting-point of a series of improving reflections by Communists who still have room for a critical point of view in their minds.

Now, according to a statement at the end of your interview with Mr. Collins, the agrarians are the "stuffed shirts of fascism." I suppose this means that we are pursuing a phantom, that we shall be absorbed by fascism if it comes. Now is this not precisely what has happened to Socialists and Communists everywhere in Europe but Russia? Are we not justified in deploring the waste of political energy represented by the Communist Party? Its zeal is lost to a political movement that might have some real chance of success in America. Communism is a hopeless, visionary cause, and if its energy represents, as it well may, the balance between fascism and the Property State, then when fascism comes the Communist, in our view, will be chiefly responsible. This diagnosis of our situation has not been invented by me: it has been a standard criticism of socialism of all varieties for seventy years. I recommend to you the study of its implications.

I do not know whether you believe that the "intellectuals" of the Communist Party should maintain high intellectual standards.

Memphis, Tenn. ALLEN TATE.

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From Miss Lumpkin

Dear Mr. Tate:

In answering your letter I must ask you first of all to be accurate. As you will see by rereading the interview, it was Mr. Collins who identified you as a member of his group. The fiction or inaccuracy, or whatever you wish to call it, is his. I quoted Mr. Collins correctly. Again you say you are amazed that I " . . . had identified all the views of Mr. Collins with all the views of the distributist-agrarian writers with whom I am associated." Let me point out again that it was Mr. Collins who made the identification. I asked him point-blank if you have the same economic aims. He answered that you do.

However, if any sane person, after reading your articles, does also associate your group with Mr. Collins' views, I think you should not be amazed. There is, it is true, a great deal of ambiguous and vague writing, as well as many contradictory statements, to be found in your writings. This ambiguity is prevalent in most of the articles written by members of your group. However, here and there occur clear statements some of which I would like to quote in answer to part of your letter. You say: "I do not want to restore anything whatsoever. . . . To say that we want to restore the past in any form is a gross misrepresentation."

The following is a quotation from the introduction to "I'll Take My Stand": "If a community, or a race, or an age, is groaning under industrialism, and well aware it is an evil dispensation, it must find a way to throw it off"—to be replaced finally, I gathered from your program, by small farm-holdings and individual craft-shops. Certainly I must conclude that people who advocate throwing off industrialism (an impossible and visionary task) advocate a restoration of the age before industrialism began.

In the same book an article written by you says: "How may a Southerner take hold of his tradition? The answer is by violence. . . . Reaction is the most radical of programs. It aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots."

These are statements signed by Allen Tate, not Collins. I am not using them to condemn you. Any man who can write such a satire on the unemployed as you did in the May, 1933, issue of Mr. Collins' magazine, has my profoundest respect both from a literary and an idealistic point of view. And when you say that if it came to a choice between fascism and communism you would choose communism, I must consider that. Any Communist or Communist sympathizer who condemns such a man carelessly, is a greater enemy of communism than the person criticized. However, I cannot close my eyes to the implications of your conclusions. Retake Southern traditions by violence? Does Mussolini want more than to recapture Roman slave-owning traditions by violence? Reaction is most radical? Hitler in his fraudulent radicalism calls for a return to the pre-trust era.

You say: "The Southerner is faced with a paradox. He must use an instrument which is political and so unrealistic and pretentious that he cannot believe in it, to reëstablish a private, self-contained and essentially spiritual life"—such a life, I take it, as your grandfather and mine had when slaves worked for them. I wonder what, exactly, is that political instrument you will use? Very frankly I say that we must use communism, as a means, to *destroy the roots* of slavery in order to create "a private, self-contained and spiritual life" based on a universal ownership of the machines.

Perhaps none of you feels "spiritually" close to Mr. Collins. Yet some of your statements are the same. In the interview Mr. Collins said that he wished only the elect to be educated. In "I'll Take My Stand" John Gould Fletcher writes: "We cannot, apparently, destroy the public-school system. . . . We can pick out the most promising and enterprising pupils . . . in our high schools annually and set them apart . . . to form an intellectual elite."

The above statements in themselves do not make you fascists. But they are the theoretical foundation of a reactionary movement. Any kind of honest examination of the theoretical basis of fascism by you and your group should make you uncomfortable at the similarity. If you are serious in saying you are against fascism, I am sure you will be responsible enough to reconsider your beliefs to find out whether they are leading you to a real search for the truth, or into a morass of intellectual confusion.

New York City. Grace Lumpkin.

From Mr. Tate to the Editor

Sir: Since it was my purpose to put upon printed record certain statements, and not to argue with Miss Lumpkin (whom I esteem), I decline with thanks this opportunity for a "rebuttal." I should decline it anyhow. In Miss Lumpkin's third paragraph there is a deductive facility that betokens an intellectual innocence which I should hesitate to impugn. You will remember Wordsworth and the child who could only say again and again: "Nay, master, we are seven."

Memphis, Tenn. Allen Tate.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Western Committee of the Peoples' Mandate to End War sends us an account of a delegation they organized which presented to Senator Byrns more than a million signatures registering opposition to the recently pased naval-appropriation bill.

The Chicago branch of the American Friends of the Soviet Union has sent us a protest against the discrimination shown at the recent Exposition of Youth held by the National Youth Administration of Illinois. Assistant Director M. L. Bromberg, having first permitted the establishment of a booth exhibiting the life of youth in the Soviet Union, after a one-day display ordered it vacated and permitted its destruction while it was unguarded. The next booth, displaying Hitler's picture, was unmolested.

L. D. Ramseyer of Long Beach, California, protests against the summary dismissal of S. W. Miller, a civil-service employee of the Fire Department in that city, who was discharged allegedly because of his radical activities. Miller was a backer of Upton Sinclair and later a member of the Utopian Society, and inasmuch as he was discharged by action of the Fire Chief concurred in by two-thirds of the City Council, he is denied the normal protection of the Civil Service Commission and is unable to get either a public hearing or a review of his case.... The Washington, D. C., chapter of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians is carrying on a national campaign for the reinstatement of Robert Y. Durand, secretary of the organization, who was recently dismissed from the staff of the Federal Power Commission. The Federation charges that the dismissal was due to Durand's activities in the organization. . . . The Citizens' Committee for Striking Seamen, 21 Bank Street, New York City, would welcome contributions of food, clothing or money sent to aid the 3,200 seamen now registered for picket duty along New York's waterfront.

The Trade Union Sponsoring Committee for a Labor Party Conference sends us an announcement that such a conference will be held in New York City on Sunday afternoon, May 24, at the Music Box Hall, 222 Fifth Avenue. Organizations interested in attending or in obtaining speakers should communicate with Elmer Brown, secretary, at 112 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

What's on the Air?

National Convention of Socialist Party, Saturday, May 23: Keynote speech of Leo Kryski, 11 to 12 A. M., C.B.S. Mass meeting addressed by Norman Thomas, Daniel Hoan and George Lansbury, 9:30 to 10 P. M., C.B.S.

Socialist Convention, Sunday, May 24. Outline of party program, 5 to 5:15 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Socialist Convention, Monday, May 25. Nomination of presidential candidates, 3 to 5 P. M., C.B.S.

Secretary of the Interior Ickes describes work being done in Palestine by the United Palestine Appeal. Sunday, May 24, 10:30 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

E. R. Bowen, general secretary of the Coöperative League of the U.S.A., outlines the future of retailing by the coöperatives. Monday, May 25, 6:35 to 6:45 P. M., C.B.S.

Mrs. Mary R. Beard discusses the status of women and the modern state. Thursday, May 28, 3:30 to 3:45 P. M., C..B.S.

President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin speaks on the subject, "If We Keep Faith with the Dead." Saturday, May 30, 10:30 to 10:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Roger N. Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union and Representative John W. McCormack discuss personal liberty in America today. Thursday, June 2, 7:45 to 8 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

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The Golden Isles

ALONG the walks of Prince Winyah's Church in Georgetown I went slowly, reading the tombstones and looking at the flowers planted, some of them these many years. I refrain from calling them by name, for their having been so often mentioned in song and romance rules them out from up-to-date statistics.

I may say at least, however, that the yellow —— climbed here and there, the —— shone like wax, white and red, and the ——, pale blue, rather weak, like the sky, made thick borders to the old lots with their marbles and iron fences of molded leaves and cherubs. Over it all poured the Georgia sun, glittering on the dark, sharp leaves of this at-this-latitude world and promising to usher in summer, when, goody! goody!, the sharecroppers will be scorched by it.

The sun, shining heedlessly, then, on this degenerate South ("for if the sun . . . being a god kissing carrion," you might say with Shakespeare) led me quietly onward over the checkered shadows of these old paths. Suddenly I heard the sound of a persistent sawing, feminine sawing, I could tell that by the curious combination of uneven attack with constant resolution. Just when and how some branch or trunk would give way one could not tell, but it would give way. Then from the midst of a blossoming —— bush a lady arose, saw in hand, and I made what manners I could and asked about the tombstones fastened upright on the choir walls of the church and about the marks on the brick tiles of the pews where the horses of the British were stalled some time or other during the Revolution.

My hostess—she became at once something like that—emerged from the leafage of her care and stood talking with me in the winding path. She spoke charming English, the voice most resonant and bright. Her eyes were very intelligent, open and final. And so presently we were talking history. It was not so much world affairs and situations in the Ural Mountains or Manchuria, say, as it was history lived in her part of the world. She spoke accurately and with something like radiance; but the main point was that she used history as provincial people are apt to do with their local tradition and record. She made whatever historical matter her mind dwelt upon become a lesson, an image, obviously with no text, cold and labeled, but warm with implications, a description and application of humanity, bringing to our life thereby a kind of marginal note with mythical dilations. I have seen few mortals who were more lively parts of the present than was this lady bringing up history for her uses. "My father told me"—she said.

But we must go on to the point of this note, which is that in the course of things, this lady mentioned very highly a book on the nearby islands. The book was published three or four years ago, but perhaps I would not mind.

I did not mind, and I have now read Mrs. Lovell's book.[1] It is, as I heard that Georgia morning, quiet, plain local history, delightful reading, never anything but honest, and never anywhere but on its own feet in its own region. Its family feeling gives it propriety in taste and detail; its long habit and life within the region and the tradition concerned prevent mooning, sentimentality and the romantical. Nor is the author absorbed in reducing her material to the picturesque; it is all too natural to her for that.

These seven islands on the Georgia coast have played their varying fortunes for three hundred years, since the Spaniards' coming in 1520, the French Huguenots in 1562, the founding of the missions by the Franciscan fathers in 1562. The history of the region includes Oglethorpe and the struggle between the Spanish and English enterprises, the Scotch, the Swiss Moravians, the French aristocrats fleeing the revolution, and veterans from the English wars. Aaron Burr after the duel with Hamilton took refuge in these islands; the two Wesleys were there; and Fanny Kemble, the English actress who had married Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, who spent the winter on these island estates inherited from his father. She lived a year in the South and wrote, in the famous diary republished by Henry Ward Beecher as propaganda during the War between the States, that this was "the lowest of all civilized societies" and those in it "unfit to be members of a Christian republic." Afterwards she left her husband and home and went back to England; by 1866 all the freed slaves had returned of themselves to Butler's Island plantation, resuming thus their misery; and in 1890 Mrs. Kemble declared that she bitterly regretted many things she wrote in that book, and wondered that "my husband had not *strangled* me—I was a fanatic."

A history like this of Mrs. Lovell's cannot be cited, or quoted from, without doing its simple security an injustice. And so I do what is always done in such cases. I quite unjustly pick items or passages that are apt to have color; since I, like everybody else, in the natural desire for audience and persuasion, wish my account of the book to be entertaining. I lead out, therefore, with such memoranda as that the first crop of sea-island cotton brought half a guinea a pound in the Liverpool market, though by 1839, twenty years later, it had dropped to less than a shilling. In one family a piece of furniture was the "death chair," a great winged chair in which the Maxwell men rose from their beds and sat to meet death. When Anne Page received a box of new frocks from London, "she would send them up the islands to share the fashions with her friends." "My son William," Mr. Couper writes, "now near 11, is an idle boy. . . . I, however, intend to make a philosopher of him. Next year shall send him to an academy at Northampton, Massachusetts, and when he has laid in a sufficient amount of Yankee cunning, I shall send him to Berlin, in order to unlearn roguery and gain honor." The island of Sapelo, in 1788, was bought by five French gentlemen, disgusted, doubtless, with their country's radicalism, and after various changes the north end passed to the Marquis de Montalet, a French nobleman whose entire family had been killed in the black risings of Santo Domingo. He now devoted himself to the cultivation of flowers and fruits, and the training of Cupidon, his cook. His companion was the Chevalier de la Horne. With some friend or other, not seldom the old marquis would walk beneath the oaks, leading a pig on a leash. They had the hope that in this way truffles might be found. Eating truffles, the marquis said, "makes men more gay and women more tender, and in this country, mon Dieu, we need them!"

STARK YOUNG.

[1] The Golden Isles of Georgia, by Caroline Couper Lovell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 307 pages. $3.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

We Turn to Security

THE YEARNING for security is a recent development in the public disposition of the United States. It is in our tradition to be willing to take a chance, to count on getting a break, to believe that opportunity knocks more than once, to rely on our own resourcefulness to overcome disaster and surmount obstacles. We have been trained to believe that there is always room at the top, and that if the worst comes to the worst one can always get a job on a farm. But as our social organization has become more complex, and the efficiency of the communal mechanism has become more significant for the well-being of the individual than his own capacities and determination, the truth has been progressively forced upon us that no amount of honesty, industry and thrift can guarantee one against destitution and suffering. The adolescent attitude of buoyant optimism with reference to the future has been supplanted by doubts, misgivings and dread. The craving for security has thus become a dominant national motive.

It is the ostensible purpose of the recent social-security legislation of the federal government to satisfy (or possibly to allay?) this craving. The degree to which such measures are capable of meeting expectations is a matter of greatest importance. The three volumes in hand[1] all throw valuable light on this subject—the first two seek to interpret and evaluate this new legislation on its merits; the third aims rather to present a different solution, far more fundamental and penetrating.

Professor Douglas' and Professor Burns's books complement each other excellently. Each gives a careful summary of the federal social-security legislation of 1935. In this respect they are necessarily similar. But Professor Douglas' approach is that of the expert theoretician, the man who has long been interested in working out consistent, practical schemes of social insurance and pensions that should be in harmony with the laws of conventional economics and with the Constitution. Professor Burns looks at the same material from the point of view of a member of the great body of working, suffering, aging people. The former author, accordingly, confines himself almost entirely to an analysis of the legal provisions of these measures, their administrative methods, possibilities and difficulties, a legislative history of their development and a critical theoretical analysis of their merits and shortcomings. Professor Burns, on the other hand, devotes her major attention to inquiring what effect they may be expected to have on the lives and well-being of individuals.

The Federal Social Security Act divides itself into three main sections: (1) that which deals with old age, (2) that which concerns unemployment and (3) a miscellaneous group of welfare provisions. The first section seeks to provide for the vicissitudes of old age in two ways, first by setting up a pension system which savors of old-fashioned charity, and applies automatically to all who fall within its definitions, and second by establishing a system of old-age insurance which is utilized or not according to the volitional act of every individual, and which is open to anyone who wishes to (and can afford to) become a participant.

The Act itself is very involved and complicated, and Professor Douglas' careful analysis shows how many intricate points of theory and administration were considered by the framers, and how assiduous were the efforts to avoid technical irregularities and constitutional inconsistencies. A few major features of the Act in general should be kept in mind. First, the Act is not directly a federal measure to provide for the needs of aged, unemployed and otherwise unfortunate members of the national community. It is rather an ingeniously contrived group of incentives designed to encourage and stimulate the separate states to make such provision on the basis of legislation of their own. The basic reliance for obtaining this stimulation is, as might be expected from the constitutional history of this country, the tax power of Congress. This is particularly well exemplified in the provisions for unemployment insurance. The effort here is to induce the states to set up reasonably uniform systems (though there is a serious lack of nationally imposed standards) for relief of the unemployed. The expedient is a payroll tax levied upon all employers who fall within certain categories. Nine-tenths of this tax may be offset by contributions to authorized state unemployment-insurance funds, thus furnishing an inducement to the states to pass such laws in order to keep the money at home. The states are left largely free to determine the conditions of eligibility, the length of the "waiting period," etc.

Professor Burns analyzes in some detail just the results that may be hoped for from such state legislation as may be stimulated by this federal Act, and shows that at best it offers a lamentably slight protection to a very limited proportion of the working population. When deductions are made for the large and numerous classes that are excluded from the benefits of the Act—those working for relatives and small employers, and workers in agriculture, domestic service, shipping, the United States government and state services, non-profit-making organizations, etc.—and when recognition is taken of the fact that the actual relief hoped for is 50 percent of wages for from 10 to 15 weeks, it becomes clear that it is a travesty to refer to this piece of legislation in terms of "social security." Professor Douglas' observations on the desirability of excluding from such systems those whose unemployment is due to the seasonal character of their occupations, or to ill health (which he says ought to be provided for separately, but unfortunately is not), are an interesting illustration of the effort to reconcile a genuinely liberal outlook with the tenets of orthodox economics.

Mr. Ezekiel's book starts out with a lucid and scathing attack on a business system that fosters scarcity and want in a cultural and physical environment that might provide a comfortable abundance for all. He finds the root of the difficulty in the fact that modern business is conducted for the sake of profit, which leads to restrictive and destructive procedures, and is intrinsically suicidal with respect to business itself as well as to the welfare of society. He finds the solution to be in a system of production for use,

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1 Social Security in the United States: An Analysis and Appraisal of the Federal Social Security Act, by Paul H. Douglas. New York: Whittlesey House. 395 pages. $3.

Toward Social Security: An Explanation of the Social Security Act and a Survey of the Larger Issues, by Evaline M. Burns. New York: Whittlesey House. 282 pages. $2.

$2,500 a Year: From Scarcity to Abundance, by Mordecai Ezekiel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 343 pages. $2.50.

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and fixes upon an income of $2,500 per family, which might easily become an income of $2,500 per worker, as the measure of the reasonable attainment of such a system. Production for use obviously involves an integrated national economy, and this volume is really an exposition of a detailed blueprint of a social plan. Mr. Ezekiel proposes to apply the essential principles of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration to industry as well as to farming, but to reverse the objective from scarcity to abundance. He believes that this can be effectively carried out through voluntary participation, and goes to great lengths to show just how it might be done, recognizing the difficulties and obstacles, but pinning his faith to the good sense and adjustability of human nature.

Whether this confidence is justified, whether private business can ever be so infused with the spirit of social service as to cause it to function smoothly in such a highly integrated system, is an open question. But more important, perhaps, is the question as to what values there are in a private, competitive productive economy that should induce a modern society to seek to perpetuate it at the cost of such elaborate, complicated, uncertain and burdensome devices and expedients, instead of turning frankly and cheerfully to a rationally collectivized system. This is a query to which none of these authors ventures an answer.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Fog in Alabama

Look Away: A Dixie Notebook, by James H. Street. New York: The Viking Press. 250 pages. $2.50.

Southern Album, by Sara Haardt. Edited, with a preface, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Death Is a Little Man, by Minnie Hite Moody. New York: Julian Messner. $2.50.

Stubborn Roots, by Elma Godchaux. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE was a time, during the days when literary imperialism was pushing its frontiers southward, when almost every book about the section below the Smith-and-Wesson line had (for the general reader, at least) the quality of news: reports from the hinterland, strange doings of concupiscent savages, murder at midnight. That time is over. In order for a book about the South to be important today—even readable—it must have, to save it from the limbo of "just another Southern book," a point of view. Points of view are what these books (with the exception of Miss Godchaux's "Stubborn Roots") need most.

A good illustration of what I mean is offered by Mr. James H. Street's "Look Away." Mr. Street, who was a reporter on various Southern newspapers, had a chance to see many things that most people only read about. He claims, for example, to have been present at nineteen lynchings: and nineteen lynchings ought to give a man a point of view—about mob violence, anyway. One lynching, really, is enough. But Mr. Street writes about these dismal and tragic affairs with a kind of feature-story nonchalance that often becomes extremely irritating: and the rest of his book (the interesting bits of folklore he has happened upon, more important things like the Herndon trial) is done in the same slight, casual, uncomprehending way. It is as if Mr. Street, having gone down in the ocean for five miles, remembered only the little ripples on the surface.

Miss Sara Haardt's book of short stories, if read at a sitting, suggests a point of view, but it is as nebulous and hazy—and almost as sentimental—as the mists of Alabama she writes about in the final story of the collection, "Dear Life." This story, along with Mr. Mencken's simple and restrained introduction, is by far the best thing in the book: as true and moving a record of the feeling of homesickness, of being ill and alone in a room far from your own native place, all the love you have for it and how angry it makes you, as I have ever read. The other inclusions are all magazine pieces, written with skill and deftness, but making no more lasting an impression than does an oar in water.

"Death Is a Little Man," like Mr. Street's "Look Away," could have had a point of view, but hasn't. Mrs. Moody seems to be running away from any such thing as fast as she can. This novel is a novel of Negroes, their fortunes and misfortunes, all revolving about the life of the heroine. Mrs. Moody writes intelligently, with warmth and compassion, she knows a lot about the speech, the ways, the superstitions of Negroes. Despite this, her book is written altogether from the outside (the accent is heavy on color and quaintness) and it echoes with undertones of Julia Peterkin and Dubose Hayward. If Mrs. Moody had been completely successful with her novel she would have written no better a book than "Porgy" or "Scarlet Sister Mary."

Miss Godchaux's novel, against these others, stands out as a solid and worth-while performance. Its point of view is people and it is only incidentally about the South. It deals with a man and a woman, the man's love of the earth and growing things, the woman's hatred of them, the clashing of their lives, the ultimate victory of the woman's vicious and unyielding will. All this is played out against the background of that part of up-river Louisiana known as the cane country; but Miss Godchaux does not depend upon mere regionalism to see her through. Her book has flaws (it is not always completely convincing and there are times when her usually straightforward prose becomes awkward and clumsy), but it is written honestly and seriously, in big, well thought-out chapters, and it tells a story that is interesting from beginning to end.

HAMILTON BASSO.

The Body Electric

The Phenomena of Life: a Radio-Electric Interpretation, by George Crile. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 379 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

IT IS now almost fifty years since Dr. Crile watched beside a mutilated patient, wondering why death should come to an organism none of whose vital parts were directly affected. Behind this great problem—or complex of problems—was the question which links together all natural phenomena, organic and inorganic: the question of Energy. From that day to this Dr. Crile has been seeking the answer; conducting thousands of experiments on the physiological processes, gradually eliminating the irrelevant until (within the past few years only) he felt secure in formulating his theory of "radiogens"—which he defines as "ultramicroscopic units or furnaces in protoplasm" designed to function as tiny generators of the electric energy upon which all vital processes eventually depend.

The present volume offers, in great detail, the experimental and theoretical basis for this extension to organic phenomena of the basic concept of the physico-chemical universe. It is the more timely in view of Professor Cohn's recently published accounts of those "living dynamos" which constitute the power system of the body. Dr.

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Crile's argument is as follows: (1) oxidation produces radiant energy; (2) radiant energy generates electric currents in protoplasm; (3) electricity is the energy that governs the activity of protoplasm. Therefore, since organic phenomena are manifestations of protoplasm, which is subject to constant oxidation, electrical energy is the ultimate basis of these phenomena. Dr. Crile's evidence ranges from the simplest physiological processes (breathing, digesting, blood circulation, etc.) to the most complex activities of the endocrine glands, among which Dr. Crile rates the thyroid and adrenals as of prime importance. As to man himself, we are told he owes his unique powers, as well as his civilization, to the exceptional concentration of "energizing short-wave radiations" in the frontal lobe of his brain.

At this point I think the scientist is overcome by the mechanist—whose typical view of man-the-machine is subject, today more than ever, to deceptively easy generalizations.

HAROLD WARD.

"Thank You, Mister Atkins"

Old Soldier Sahib, by Private Frank Richards, D.C.M., M.M. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 310 pages. $2.50.

"OLD SOLDIER SAHIB" is the reminiscences of a professional British soldier in India. It differs from most military memoirs in the fact that its author was a private. And unlike Kipling's barrack-room tales, it was written by a man who lived in barracks. It is not Private Richards' first book. "Old Soldiers Never Die," an account of his war service in France, was published in England a year or so ago. Robert Graves, who was an officer in Richards' battalion, was instrumental in getting the book published, and afterwards persuaded Richards to complete his record by writing this companion-piece. In his introduction to "Old Soldier Sahib" Mr. Graves calls attention to the book's historical importance: it is the unvarnished, unsentimentalized record of Tommy Atkins, a vanishing figure who will soon be as legendary as his counterpart, the legionary of imperial Rome.

Private Richards seems to have been a natural old soldier even in his novice days. Unlike Kipling's Mulvaney, who was once a corporal ("though rejuced afterwards"), Richards was always too cagey to accept promotion. But he did let himself be made a signaler and, as Mr. Graves points out, the neatness and dispatch of his anecdotes bear witness to the fact. "A curious effect of the heat was that one could drink beer for hours without it having any effect on the bladder. One man I knew used to swear that he only eased his once a month, and that he did this as a matter of routine, after signing his monthly accounts, in order not to lose the facility." Though his story is rich in anecdotes (many of them not of the drawing-room variety), its real interest lies in its typicalness. While you read you constantly have the feeling, "Yes, this is what barrack-room life in India must have been like. So *that's* what Kipling left out, is it?"

Richards was a Welsh collier who enlisted in the Royal Welch Fusiliers to get away from a miner's future. He would not have minded seeing action in South Africa, but the Boer War was nearly over, and he was sent with a draft to India instead. Once he got used to the climate, he quite liked the life. He shared the normal Tommy's prejudices: against the natives, and Lord Curzon, who "gave them too much rope"; he had a hearty appetite for beer and women. He describes the well run army brothels with quiet admiration, and tells how his pals humored Lord Curzon's soft-heartedness by hitting natives in the belly, where it wouldn't show, instead of in the face, where it would. Some of their spare time was spent reading; he mentions Kipling's "Soldiers Three" with the gentle criticism: "his knowledge of barrack-room life seemed to us a bit hazy in places." Some of these Tommies are quite as engaging as Mulvaney and his cronies, though certainly not as housebroken. Richards' great pal was known as the Prayer-wallah, because of his wide acquaintance with the Bible (which he regarded as hotter stuff than the "Decameron") and his facility in extended anathema. Like all professionals, the Prayer-wallah had an impersonal admiration for a really first-rate performance, no matter who gave it. He once witnessed a bazaar swearing-match that made him tremble with admiration. The victor "had gone back two thousand years in his rival's genealogical line and given convincing proof that a direct female ancestress had secretly cohabited for years during her widowhood with a diseased bull-frog, thus going one better than her mother, who had legitimately married and cohabited with a healthy pig."

Two days after the battle of Loos, in 1915, Robert Graves was sitting in a dugout censoring the company letters. They were the usual dull, noncommittal lot. "Then," he says, "I came on a long letter addressed to someone in Wales and giving a detailed, accurate and grimly joking account of what had really happened—the uncut wire, the bungling of the gas, the casualties. . . ." Uncertain whether he ought to pass the letter, he showed it to the adjutant, who grumbled that Richards ought to be "crimed," really, but that he was "a good man," and that he had written the rare and wholesome truth; he passed it himself. Like Private Richards' letter, the quiet, ironic realism of his book is also censorable; but for once we may thank the censors for passing a human document that is a wholesome contrast, if only in retrospect, to the official communiqués.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Almost Perfect Scream

Turn, Magic Wheel, by Dawn Powell. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

OF THE half-dozen novels that Dawn Powell has written, "Turn, Magic Wheel" is the first to reveal her vast talent for writing good burlesque in fiction form. What makes Miss Powell as a lady wit seem more promising than either Tess Slesinger or Dorothy Parker is that, as an experienced novelist, she has developed a sense of structure, shown in her ability to go beyond the *bon mot* and invent characters and situations that are comic in themselves. Thus, although her main target is the dizzy literary world of Manhattan, her comedy emerges from original people and predicaments, rather than from mere caricatures of well known writers in better known quandaries.

Miss Powell's burlesque has a firm basis of truth. Her chief protagonist, Dennis Orphen, the novelist who writes a novel about a famous novelist and his first wife, is a group photograph of any number of young writers who get their private lives snarled up in their search for material. Dennis' physical source of consolation, Corinne, is easily recognizable as the dumb but intuitive sort. She is realistically and hilariously portrayed along with her diversified accessories, such as her conveniently stupid Wall Street husband and her poisonous girl friend, who is favored with whisperings of Corinne's most intimate doings. One

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of the funniest characters is Johnson, the publisher's partner—the And Company who was exactly like all the other And Companys and was never able to achieve any individuality until he grew a hair-colored moustache and dyed it black with his wife's eyebrow pencil. He is a comic portrait whose authenticity will startle most publishing young men.

At times when the author is dealing with such people as Effie, the faded and self-sacrificing first wife of the famous novelist, and his neglected second wife dying of cancer, it becomes clear that Miss Powell's tongue isn't always in Miss Powell's cheek. Her treatment of Effie's mental anguish in its various stages involves long stretches that are sentimental and out of tune and generally hurdy-gurdy. It is only when Dawn Powell is completely unserious that she becomes a serious novelist.

JERRE MANGIONE.

Inclusiveness

Threescore: The Life of Sarah N. Cleghorn, by Herself. With an Introduction by Robert Frost. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 310 pages. $3.

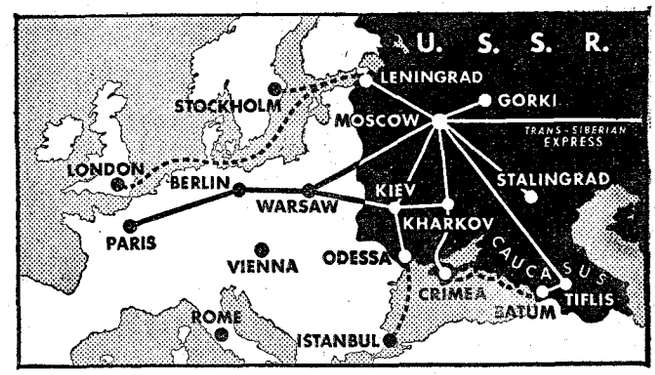
OUTSTANDING among Sarah Cleghorn's earliest recollections is one of a treat from a young aunt, the unexpectedness of which "on a weekday morning, uncalled for by any birthday or festival, enraptured" her. "It set up a kind of standard in my life," she writes more than half a century later. "It was the way people ought to be treated. Something like it, as a social principle for everyday life, has ever since been fluttering over the world in my imagination, and tantalizing my heart."

I find only one sentence in this book which seems to me to reveal Sarah Cleghorn more clearly. Writing of her lifelong friendship with Dorothy Canfield, she says: "She fulfilled my two great hungers; my passion for inclusiveness, for downing all pales, and my intense desire to see life lived with amenity, with grace in every direction." It is with the working out of this standard and with the means she took of satisfying these hungers, in her poetry, her teaching and her personal relations, that this delightful and unusual narrative is chiefly concerned. The result is a book so lovely and winning that any comment, except quotation from it, is utterly inadequate.

Brought up conservatively, but with warmth and tenderness, in the charming Vermont village of Manchester, she had a singularly happy childhood; a childhood so sheltered and carefree that only her innate hunger for "inclusiveness," her sensitiveness to any and all suffering, enabled her to see beyond its snug comfort. Overhanging it "like a huge warm roof . . . was the tacit assumption that poverty was on the whole voluntary" and that "people were poor because they didn't make the 'efforts' and 'sacrifices' required to 'get ahead.'" Her revolt against these assumptions was a slow and steady growth. Even when she was a child there were facts that pierced for her this armor of complacency; an item—read in a paper which devoted to it one inch—about a Negro burned alive in the South, the treatment of servants by pillars of the community, vivisection unnecessarily practised and callously defended. All these kindled in her compassion and indignation, which flowered in her poems of sympathy and protest and in actions that were dynamic, immediate and of a Franciscan simplicity.

Both a militant rebel and a pacifist mystic, she joined in 1913 the Socialist Party, to which she still proudly belongs. Throughout the War she worked for peace;

In Europe this Summer . . .



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she worked and taught in their early years at the labor schools, Brookwood and Manumit. She worked for animals, trying honestly and sanely to bring out *all* the facts of vivisection and, more successfully, to stop the useless slaughter of birds. She worked for prisoners—not, however, for prison reform, since nothing short of revolution in our penal methods seems to her worth while. Her method is to visit prisons in any community in which she finds herself, befriend the prisoners in any way she can and give publicity to the prison conditions she has observed. It was while doing this in Macon that she came on the case of Jim Denson, a friendless, penniless, illiterate young Negro railroaded to a death sentence, and helped launch the unsuccessful campaign to save him from the gallows. She tells the appalling story of Denson and the Macon jail in a quietly written and unforgettable chapter. In all this she has been as unafraid of the reproach of sentimentality from radicals, as of that of radicalism from conservatives. She is unique, I think, especially in this: that in an age in which rebellion is grim and not infrequently ruthless, she has the courage of her tenderness as well as of her anger.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Signpost

Sweden: The Middle Way, by Marquis W. Childs. New Haven: Yale University Press. 187 pages, illustrated. $2.50.

FOR MANY years, those who are interested in the economic regeneration of the world have been waiting for a serious study of Sweden's economic system. Mr. Childs, a member of the Washington staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, has now provided one. His book is not long enough. Mr. Childs recognizes this. He specifically notes the need for more extended treatment of the trade-union movement, the state power system and the state monopolies; he might also have included the Swedish Social Democratic Labor Party, now the finest flower of socialist revisionism.

Nevertheless, Mr. Childs has covered much ground and he has done it without wasting words. More than one-third of the book is devoted to the growth of the coöperatives. It is an inspiring, sometimes a thrilling story. The victorious battle waged by the Swedish coöperators against the powerful electric-light-bulb cartel, which the author describes vividly, is as dramatic as a strike. Mr. Childs includes a compact account of the rise of Danish agricultural coöperatives. Other chapters deal with the state's activities in the mining and lumbering industries, the Bratt system of liquor control and the recent measures of the Social Democratic government to combat depression.

The total picture of economic well-being, peacefully achieved, is impressive. What forces in Sweden have brought it about? What are its implications? Mr. Childs does not go into these questions deeply. His characterization of Sweden's efforts is contained in his title. The Swedes have contrived, he says, "to halt the excesses of capitalism." The profit motive, in many fields, has been "drastically curbed or abolished—subjugated might be a better word." "A balance has been struck," etc. Mr. Childs seems to imply that a permanent entente cordiale has been reached with capitalism. Yet it is clear from his own lines that Sweden's economy is not static. The coöperatives are always expanding; the state is constantly reaching further into "private" industry. Production for use rather than for profit is a growing reality. All this signifies the

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disintegration of Swedish capitalism—a capitalism already without its excesses and with its profit motive throttled. In other words, capitalism is being displaced, not controlled. The middle way cannot be a solution; it is a path and it must lead somewhere. The signs point toward socialism. The Swedes will reach the end of the path if they do not permit the socialist mentality behind their pragmatic program to become so atrophied that the proper kind of offensive is impossible in a crisis—national or international.

SIDNEY HERTZBERG.

Books in Brief

Introduction to Dialectical Materialism: The Marxist World-View, by August Thalheimer. New York: Covici, Friede. 253 pages. $2.

THE AUTHOR explains that he wants to write "primarily for young workers," who presumably are unable to understand technical philosophy. As a result, his book is not so much demonstration as reassurance. Only three short chapters are devoted to the properly philosophical aspect of Marxist theory. Treatment of the dialectical laws is summary and vague. The precise meaning of terms (for example, the "opposites") is not defined. The whole theory assumes a dogmatic appearance that is utterly incompatible with its real spirit. The fault here is not in the theory itself, but rather in the attempt to popularize a doctrine of which only a few aspects are completely explained. One admires the author's generous intention of making Marxian philosophy accessible to everybody and sympathizes with him when he says that it would have been "much easier to present the subject in traditional philosophic language." But one cannot help thinking that he would have been wiser to do the "easier" thing first. Failing that, he might have abandoned the pretense of being scientific, and instead have presented the new approach to the world in a more "poetic" manner, by emphasizing the new human values that it brings forward. This last aspect of Marxian theory has been sadly neglected. N. G.

Progress of Archeology, by Stanley Casson. New York: Whittlesey House. 123 pages, with 43 illustrations. $2.

In the words of the author, this book presents "a survey of recent additions to archeological knowledge and to the study of history made as a result of excavations carried out during the last twenty years." Some of these, like the discovery of the grave of Tutankhamen, were a day's sensation; but other and less trumpeted discoveries were even more important to the progress of historical knowledge. Thus, the excavations at Ur brought a serious check to the theory that Egypt was the fountainhead and center of diffusion of all ancient civilization. On the one hand, Sumerian culture has been found to have extended into the Danube valley, through immigration from Asia Minor, and as far as Asterabad, on the Caspian. On the other hand, discoveries in the Indus valley established the Indian origin of seals found in Mesopotamia. Discoveries made in eastern Europe and northern and central Asia show an astonishing unity in all works of art. But much more astonishing are the statements that the wandering hunters of northern Asia in ancient times were "instinctive artists" and that "nearly every object of daily use in upper Asia was a work of art"; a generation ago such statements were made only of the Greeks, who were regarded as unique. H. S.

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Unsolved Problems of Science, by A. W. Haslett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 328 pages. $2.

To the cynical reader such a title suggests a work as ponderous as the Encyclopedia Britannica. What we have is a digest, in popular narrative form, of the trend of modern scientific discovery, with the emphasis placed on the chief *lacunae* in each field discussed. What are the principal contradictions in the Einstein theories of the universe? Why should life be "a rare accident" confined to this planet? How are the continents formed and according to what laws do they change? What makes weather so unpredictable and how explain the many mysterious types of radiation from outer space? In the biological sciences we still have the problem of "explaining" life on purely physico-chemical grounds; we as yet know fearfully little of the gene and the mechanism of heredity and sex. Technology, for all its practical achievements, is still unable to tell us the real secret behind the strength of materials and the chemistry of alloys. And as for electricity, the increasing wonders it performs are still—for the scientist—a matter rather of speculation than of exact knowledge. Altogether, Mr. Haslett has written an excellent antidote to overconfidence in "science"—but without recommending a return to faith. H. W.

Christina, by Claude Houghton. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This story is about the precipitate dissolution of a man of power whose wife, dying before the narrative opens, leaves a packet of her love letters—without clue to the recipient. In perfectly psychopathic states of jealousy and fear he tries to hunt down the anonymous lover, only to find at the end the truth, of which the reader, possibly, has been aware from the start. It is a damned clever novel; one wishes that it were not quite so clever, not quite so much of a set-piece, a little more human, a little more rough-edged. G. C.

Contributors

PHILIP DAVIS is professor of Greek at Vassar College, and has done extensive research in Athens and the Greek islands, where the article in the present issue of The New Republic was written. He is now engaged in a study of labor conditions in Ancient Greece as revealed by the inscriptions on stone surviving from that era. One of these studies, "The Parthenon Accounts," has been published by the French School in Athens.

HALLIE FLANAGAN is director of the W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project. She is the wife of Philip Davis.

DAYTON D. MCKEAN is assistant to the dean of Princeton University and is a member of the New Jersey Legislature.

KENNETH BURKE, novelist, essayist, critic and poet on occasions, was one of the Guggenheim fellows for 1935. His most recent volume was "Permanence and Change," published as one of The New Republic Dollar Books.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, head of the Department of Sociology at New York University, is a member of the executive committee of the American Commonwealth Political Federation and president of the People's League for Economic Security.

HAMILTON BASSO, author, among other books, of "Cinnamon Seed," is working on a new novel, "Courthouse Square." It will be published next fall.

HAROLD WARD writes regularly on "The Sciences and Society" for The Living Age.

T. S. MATTHEWS' second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," was recently published in London by Constable.

JERRE MANGIONE is a member of the editorial staff of Robert M. McBride and Company. He is at work on a book dealing with masters of satire.

MARTHA GRUENING was born in Massachusetts, lived for a time in Paris and now makes her home in New York City. She has contributed articles and reviews to various magazines.

SIDNEY HERTZBERG, formerly associate editor of Current History magazine and writer of special articles for The New York Times, is now engaged in labor journalism and free-lance writing.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Norbert Guterman, Herman Simpson, Harold Ward and Groff Conklin.

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